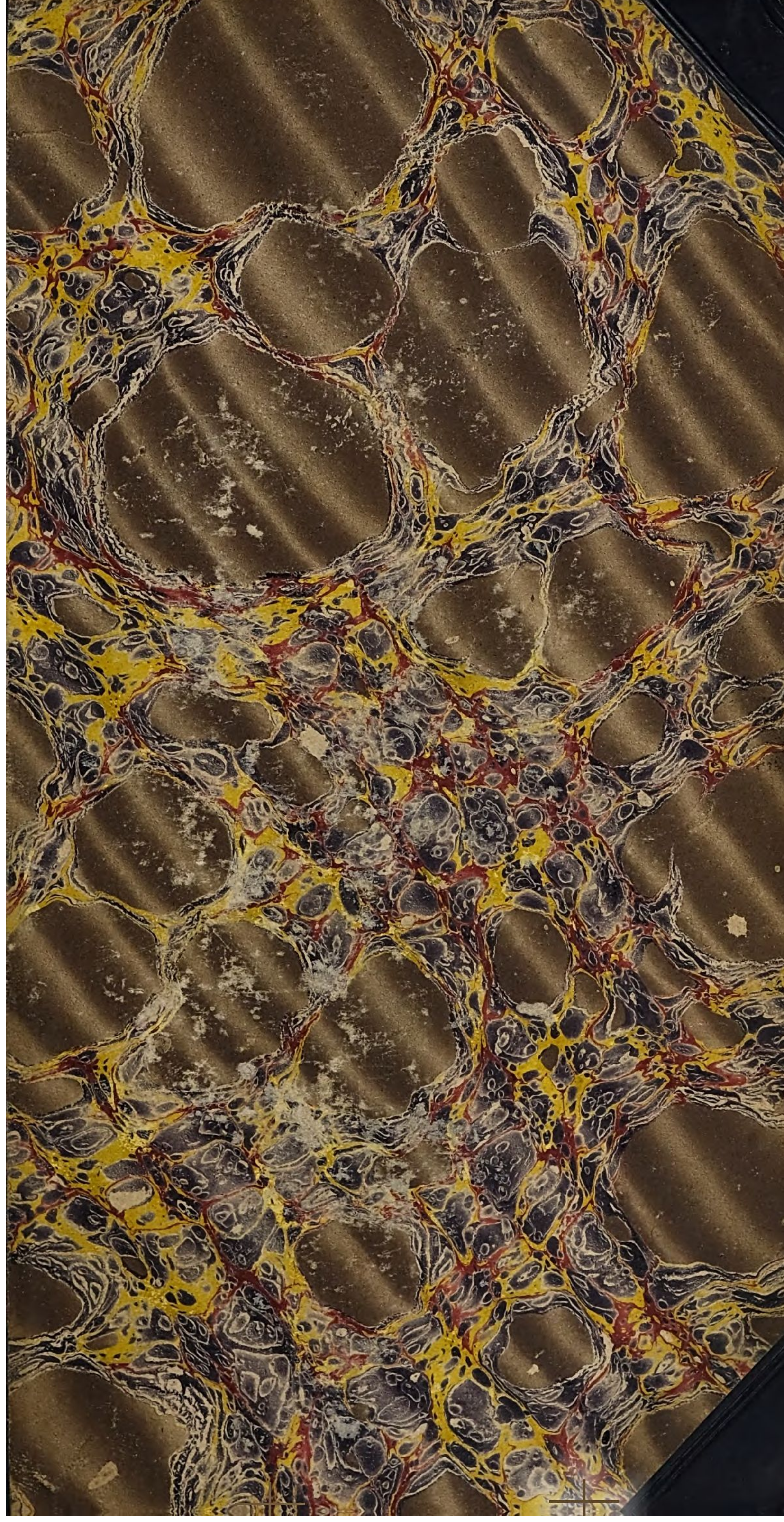
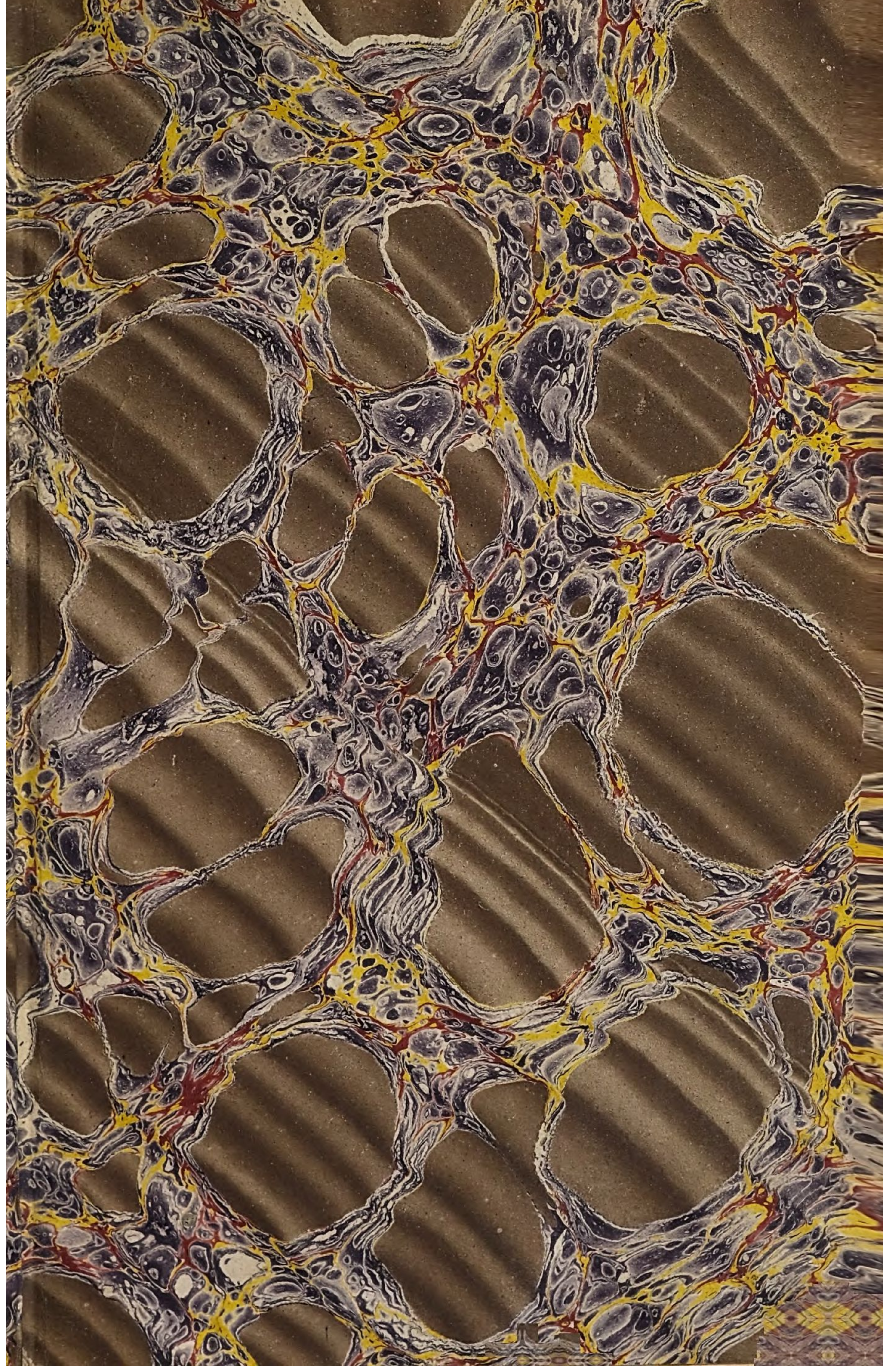






CAPT^N. GORDON,
Royal Navy.



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OLLA PODRIDA;

OR A

MEDLEY OF ADVENTURES ON THE CONTINENT,

Tales, &c.

BY CAPT. MARRYATT, C.B.

AUTHOR OF "DOG FIEND," "NEWTON FORSTER," "PACHA,"
"DIARY OF TRAVELS IN AMERICA," ETC.

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OLLA PODRIDA.

DIARY ON THE CONTINENT.

CHAPTER XVII.

London, June, 1837.

To one who has visited foreign climes, how very substantial every thing appears in England, from the child's plaything to the Duke of York's column ! To use a joiner's phrase, every thing abroad is comparatively scamp-work. Talk about the Palais Royale, the Rue Richelieu, and the splendour of the Parisian shops—why, two hundred yards of Regent-street, commencing from Howell and James's, would buy the whole of them, and leave a ba-

lance sufficient to buy the remainder of the French *expositions*. But still, if more substantial and massive, we are at the same time also heavy. We want more space, more air, more room to breathe, in London; we are too closely packed; we want gardens with trees to absorb the mephitic air, for what our lungs reject is suitable to vegetation. But we cannot have all we want in this world, so we must do without them.

What wealth is now pouring into the country! and, thank God, it is now somewhat better expended than it was in the bubble mania, which acted upon the plethora certainly, but bled us too freely and uselessly. The rail-road speculators have taken off many millions, and the money is well employed; for even allowing that, in some instances, the expectations of the parties who speculate may be disappointed, still it is spent in the country; and not only is it affording employment and sustenance to thousands, but the staple produce of England only is con-

sumed. In these speculations — in the millions required and immediately produced, you can witness the superiority of England. Undertakings from which foreign governments would shrink with dismay are here effected by the meeting of a few individuals.

And now for my commissions. What a list ! And the first item is — two Canary birds, the last having been one fine morning found dead ; nobody knows how ; there was plenty of seed and water (put in after the servant found that they had been starved by his neglect), which, of course, proved that they did not die for want of food. I hate what are called pets ; they are a great nuisance, for they will die, and then such a lamentation over them ! In the “ Fire Worshippers ” Moore makes his Hinda say —

“ I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me — it was sure to die.”

Now Hinda was perfectly correct, except in thinking that she was peculiarly unfortunate. Every one who keeps pets might tell the same tale as Hinda. I recollect once a Canary bird died, and my young people were in a great tribulation; so to amuse them we made them a paper coffin, put the defunct therein, and sewed on the lid, dug a grave in the garden, and dressing them out in any remnants of black we could find for weepers, made a procession to the grave where it was buried. This little divertissement quite took their fancy. The next day one of the youngest came up to me and said, "Oh, papa, when will you die?" — A strange question, thought I, quite forgetting the procession of the day before. — "Why do you ask, my dear?" — "Oh, because it will be such fun burying you." — "Much obliged to you, my love."

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that occurred

the other day, at a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was very much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality; she soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then return to her nest. The workmen, observing this, narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry.

The visitors naturally expressed a wish to wit-

ness so curious a specimen of intellect; but, as the rock could not always be ready to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and, for a few times, answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood; but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with her process of incubation: the consequence was, that afterwards, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and, if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen; I'm not to be roused off my eggs merely for your amusement."

Some birds have a great deal of humour in them, particularly the raven. One that belonged to me was the most mischievous and amusing creature I ever met with. He would get into the flower-garden, go to the beds where the gardener had sowed a great variety of seeds, with sticks put in the ground with

labels, and then he would amuse himself with pulling up every stick, and laying them in heaps of ten or twelve on the path. This used to irritate the old gardener very much, who would drive him away. The raven knew that he ought not to do it, or he would not have done it. He would soon return to his mischief, and when the gardener again chased him (the old man could not walk very fast) the raven would keep just clear of the rake or hoe in his hand, dancing back before him, and singing as plain as a man could, "Tol de rol de rol; tol de rol de rol!" with all kinds of mimicking gestures. The bird is alive now, and continues the same meritorious practice whenever he can find an opportunity.

CHAP. XVIII.

June, Steam-boat Princess Victoria.

It certainly appears that the motion of a steam-vessel produces more nausea than that of a sailing-vessel; and people appear to suffer in some degree in proportion to the power of the engines. This may be accounted for by the vibration of the vessel increasing in the same ratio.

We are now in a vessel of two hundred and fifty horse power, and the consequence is that the passengers are as sick as two hundred and fifty horses. The effect of the vibration of the after part of the vessel amounts to the ridiculous.

When dinner was put on the table we had no occasion for a bell to announce it, for every

glass on the table was dancing to its own jingling music. And when the covers were taken off it was still more absurd — every thing in the dishes appeared to be infected with St. Vitus's dance. The boiled leg of mutton shook its collops of fat at a couple of fowls which figured in a sarabande round and round their own dish, — roast beef, shifted about with a slow and stately movement — a ham *glissée* *croisée* from one side to the other — tongues wagged that were never meant to wag again — bottles reeled and fell over like drunken men, and your piece of bread constantly ran away and was to be pulled back into its proper place. It was a regular jig-a-jig — a country-dance of pousette, down the middle, and right and left.

The communication of motion was strange; the whole company seated on long forms were jig-a-jigging up and down together — your knife jiggled and your fork jiggled — even the morsel which was put into your mouth gave one

more jump before it could be seized. However, we jiggled it to some purpose ; for, in eighteen hours and a half, we passed from London to Antwerp.

The English are naturally great *voyageurs* : the feeling is inherent from our insular position. I have been reflecting whether I can recollect, in my whole life, ever to have been three months in one place, but I cannot, nor do I believe that I ever was — not even when sent to school ; for I used to run away every quarter, just to see how my family were — an amiable weakness, which even flogging could not eradicate. And then I was off to sea ; there I had my wish, as Shakspeare says, borne away by “ the viewless winds, and blown with restless violence about the pendent world,” north, south, east, and west ; one month freezing, the next burning ; all nations, all colours, — white, copper, brown, and black ; all scenery, from the blasted pine towering amidst the frost and snow, to the cocoa-

nut waving its leaves to the sea-breeze. Well, "homekeeping youths have homely wits," says the same author; and he has told more truth than any man who ever wrote. I certainly did hear of one young man who did not gain much by travelling; he was a banker's clerk, and obtained three months' vacation to go on the Continent. He landed at Ostend, and the next day found himself in the track-shuyt that is towed by horses, from Bruges to Ghent. The cabins were magnificent, velvet and gold; the down cushions luxurious, the dinner and breakfast sumptuous, the wine excellent, the bedrooms comfortable, and the expense moderate. Moreover, the motion was imperceptible. What could a man wish more? He arrived at Ghent, and could not make his mind up to quit this barge; so he returned in her to Bruges, and then back again to Ghent; and thus he continued between the two towns, backwards and forwards, until the three months' leave had expired, and

he was obliged to return to the desk. I have never yet made up my mind whether this personage was a wise man or a fool.

But, until the opening of the Continent, the English were only voyageurs, not travellers; and that, after having been so long debarred, they should be desirous of visiting the various portions of Europe, is not only natural but praiseworthy; but that they should make the Continent their residence — should expatriate themselves altogether, is, to me, a source of astonishment as well as of regret.

The excuse offered is the cheapness. It is but an excuse, for I deny it to be the fact: I have visited most places, with and without a family; and I will positively assert, not for the benefit of others who have already expatriated themselves, but as a check to those who feel so inclined, that they will discover too soon that, at less expense, they can command more good living and substantial comforts in England,

than in any part of the Continent they may fix upon as their habitation.

Let us enter a little into the subject. First, as to the capitals, Paris, Brussels, &c.

Let it first be remembered that we have no longer war prices in England, that almost every article has fallen from thirty-five to fifty per cent. It is true that some tradespeople who are established as fashionable keep up their prices ; but it is not absolutely necessary to employ them, as there are those equally skilled who are more moderate. But even the most fashionable have been obliged, to a certain degree, to lower their prices ; and their present prices, reduced as they are, will most assuredly die with them.

Every thing will, by degrees, find its level ; but this level is not to be found at once. Should peace continue, ten years from this date will make a great alteration in every article, not only of necessity, but of luxury ; and then, after

having been the dearest, England will become the cheapest residence in the world. House rent in the capitals abroad is certainly as dear, if not dearer than it is in England. There are situations more or less fashionable in every metropolis; and if you wish to reside in those quarters, you pay accordingly. It is true that, by taking a portion of a house, you to a certain degree indemnify yourself, — a first, second, or third story, with a common staircase loaded with dirt and filth; but is this equal to the comfort of a clean English house, in which you have your own servants, and are not overlooked by your neighbours? If they were to let out houses in floors in England as they do in Paris and elsewhere, a less sum would be demanded. You may procure a handsome house in a fashionable quarter, well furnished, in London, for 300*l.* per annum. Go to the Place Vendôme, or those quarters styled the English quarters, at Paris, and which are by no means the most fashionable

quarters, and you will pay for a handsome front floor 700 francs per month; so that for one floor of a house in Paris you will pay 336*l.* per annum, when in London you will obtain the whole house for 300*l.* The proprietor of the Paris house, therefore, receives much more by letting his floors separate than the English do. The common articles of necessity are as dear, if not dearer abroad; the *octroi* duty upon all that enters the barriers raising the price excessively. Meat at Paris or Brussels is as dear as in London, and not so good; it is as dear, because they charge you the same price all round, about 5*d.* per pound, independent of its inferiority and the villanous manner in which it is cut up. Our butchers only butcher the animal, but foreign butchers butcher the meat. Poultry is as dear; game much dearer; and so is fish. Indeed, fish is not only dear, but scarce and bad. Horses and carriages are quite as dear abroad, in the capitals, as in London. Clothes are in some

respects cheaper, in others dearer, especially articles of English manufacture, which are more sought after than any others.

Amusements are said to be cheaper ; but, admitting that, the places of amusement are oftener resorted to, and in consequence as much money is spent abroad as in England. It is true that there are an immense number of theatres in Paris, and that most of them are very reasonable in their charges for admission ; but be it recollected that there are not above three of them which are considered fashionable, if even respectable ; and there the prices are sufficiently high. If people went to Sadler's Wells, the Coburg, Victoria, Queen's Theatre, Astley's, and other minor theatres in London, as they do to the Theatres St. Martin, Gymnase, et Variétés at Paris, they would find no great difference in the prices.

What then is there cheaper ? Wine. I grant it ; and, it is also asserted, the education of

children. We will pass over these two last points for the present, and examine whether living is cheaper on the Continent, provided you do *not* live in any of the capitals.

That at Tours and other places in the south of France, at Genoa, at Bruges, in Belgium, you may live cheaper than in London, I grant; but if any one means to assert that you can live cheaper than in the *country* in England, I deny it altogether. People go abroad, and select the cheapest parts of the Continent to live in. If they were to do the same in England, they would find that they could live much cheaper and much better; for instance, in Devonshire, Cornwall, and Wales, and, indeed, in almost every county in England.

The fact is, it is not the cheapness of the living which induces so many people to reside abroad. There are many reasons; and as I wish to be charitable, I will put forward the most favourable ones.

In England, we are money-making people, and we have the aristocracy of wealth as well as the aristocracy of rank. It has long been the custom for many people to live beyond their incomes, and to keep up an appearance which their means have not warranted. Many, especially the landed proprietors, finding their rentals reduced from various causes, have been necessitated to retrench. They were too proud to put down their carriages and establishments before the eyes of those who had perhaps looked upon them with envy, and whose derision or exultation they anticipated. They therefore have retired to the Continent, where a carriage is not necessary to prove that you are a gentleman. Should those return who have emigrated for the above reasons, they would find that this striving for show is hardly perceptible now in England. Those who have remained have either had sense enough, or have been forced by circumstances, to reduce their expenditure.

Another cause is the easy introduction into what is called good society abroad on the Continent, but which is in reality very bad society. Certainly there are a sufficient number of Counts, Viscounts, and Marquesses to associate with; but in France high birth is not proved by titles, which are of little or no value, and do not even establish gentility. This society may certainly be entered into at a much less expense than that of England, especially in the metropolis; but, depend upon it, there is a species of society dear at any price.

With respect to education of children, that boys may receive advantage from a Continental education I admit; but woe be to the mother who intrusts her daughter to the *ruin* of a French *Pension*!

In England there are many excellent schools in the country, as cheap and cheaper than on the Continent; but the schoolmasters near London, generally speaking, are ruining them-

selves by their adherence to the old system, and their extravagant terms. The *system* of education on the Continent is certainly superior to that of England, and the attention to the pupils is greater: of course there are bad schools abroad as well as in England; but the balance is much in favour of those on the Continent, with the advantage of being at nearly one half the expense. A great alteration has taken place in modern education; the living languages and mathematics have been found to be preferable to the classics and other instruction still adhered to in the English schools.

I have always considered, and have every reason to be confirmed in my opinion, that the foundation of all education is mathematics. Every thing else may be obtained by rote, and without thinking; but from the elements of arithmetic up to Euclid and algebra, no boy can work his task without thinking. I never yet knew a man who was a good mathematician

who was not well-informed upon almost every point ; and the reason is clear — mathematics have prepared his mind to receive and retain. In all foreign schools this important branch of education is more attended to than it is in England ; and that alone would be a sufficient reason for me to give them the preference. In point of morals, I consider the schools of both countries much upon a par ; although, from the system abroad of never debasing a child by corporal punishment, I give the foreign schools the preference even in that point.

I consider, then, that boys are better educated abroad than in England, and acquire much more correctly the living languages, which are of more use to them than the classics. So much I can say in favour of the Continent ; but in every other respect I consider the advantage in favour of England. Young women who have been brought up abroad I consider, generally speaking, as unfitted for English wives ; and that

in this opinion I am not singular, I know well from conversation with young men at the clubs and elsewhere. Mothers who have returned with their daughters full of French fashions and ideas, and who imagine that they will inevitably succeed in making good matches, would be a little mortified and surprised to hear the young men, when canvassing among themselves the merits of the other sex, declare that "such a young lady may be very handsome and very clever, but — she has received a *Continental education*, and that won't do for them." Many mothers imagine, because their daughters, who are bold and free in their manners, and talk and laugh loud, are surrounded by young men, while the modest girl, who holds aloof, is apparently neglected, that their daughters are more admired; but this is a great mistake. Men like that boldness, that coquetry, that dash, if I may use the term, because it amuses for the time being; but although they may pay atten-

tion to women on that account, marrying them is quite another affair. No : the modest retiring girl, who is apparently passed by, becomes the wife; the others are flattered before their faces, and laughed at behind their backs. It certainly is unmanly, on the part of our sex, to behave in this manner, to encourage young women in their follies, and ruin them for their own amusement ; as Shakspeare says, —

“ Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking.”

But so it is, and so it will be so long as the world lasts, and mankind is no better than it is at present.

If then, as I have asserted, there is so little to be gained by leaving a comfortable home, what is the inducement which takes so many people abroad to settle there ? I am afraid that the true reason has been given by the author

whom I now quote. Speaking of the French metropolis, she says, —

“ I have been lately trying to investigate the nature of the charm which renders Paris so favourite a sojourn of the English.

“ In point of gaiety (for gaiety read dissipation) it affords nothing comparable with that of London. A few ministerial fêtes every winter may perhaps exceed in brilliancy the balls given in our common routine of things ; but for one entertainment in Paris, at least thirty take place *chez nous*. Society is established with us on a wider and more splendid scale. The weekly *soirées*, on the other hand, which properly represent the society of this place, are dull, meagre, and formal to the last degree of formality. There is no brilliant point of re-union as at Almack's, — no theatre uniting, like our Italian Opera, the charm of the best company, the best music, and the best dancing. Of the thousand and one theatres boasted of by the

Parisians, only three are of a nature to be frequented by people of consideration, the remainder being as much out of the question as the Pavilion or the Garrick. Dinner parties there are none ; water parties none ; *déjeûners*, unless given by a foreign ambassadress, none. A thousand accessories to London amusements are here wanting. In the month of May, I am told, the public gardens and the Bois de Boulogne become enchanting. But what is not charming in the month of May? Paris, perhaps, least of all places ; for at the commencement of the month every French family of note quits the metropolis for its country seat, or for sea or mineral bathing. Foreigners and the mercantile and ministerial classes alone remain. What, then, I would fain discover, constitutes the peculiar merit of inducing persons uninstigated by motives of economy to fix themselves in the comfortless and filthy city, and call it Paradise? Alas ! my solution of the problem is far from

honourable to the taste of our absentees. *In Paris people are far less amenable than in London to the tribunal of public opinion*; or, as a lady once very candidly said to me, "One gets rid of one's friends and relations."

Indeed, there are so many petty annoyances and vexations of life attendant upon residents abroad, that it must require some strong motives to induce them to remain. Wherever the English settle they raise the price of every thing, much to the annoyance of the *rentiers* and respectable people of the place, although of advantage to the country generally. The really highbred and aristocratic people will not associate with the English, and look upon them with any feeling but good will. With regard to servants, they are invariably badly served, although they pay two and three times the wages that are paid by the inhabitants, who, in most places, have made it a rule never to take a domestic that has once lived in an English family; the

consequence is that those engaged by the English are of the worst description, a sort of *pariahs* among the community, who extort and cheat their employers without mercy. If not permitted so to do, they leave them at a minute's warning; and you cannot go to any foreign colony of English people without listening to very justified tirades of the villany of the servants. Upon the same principle, there are few places abroad where the tradespeople have not two prices; one for the English, and the other for the inhabitants.

I was in company with an English lady of title, who gave me a very amusing instance of the insolence of the Belgian servants. She had a large family to bring up on a limited income, and had taken up her abode at Brussels. It should be observed that the Belgians treat their servants like dogs, and yet it is only with the Belgians that they will behave well. This lady, finding her expenses very much exceeding her

means, so soon as she had been some time in the country, attempted a reformation. Inquiring of some Belgian families with whom she was acquainted what were the just proportions allowed by them to their servants, she attempted by degrees to introduce the same system. The first article of wasteful expenditure was bread, and she put them upon an allowance. The morning after she was awoke with a loud hammering in the saloon below, the reason of which she could not comprehend; but on going down to breakfast, she found one of the long loaves made in the country nailed up with tenpenny nails over the mantelpiece. She sent to inquire who had done it, and one of the servants immediately replied that she had nailed it there that my lady might see that the bread did not go too fast.

There is another point on which the English abroad have long complained, and with great justice, — which is, that in every litigation or

petty dispute which may appear before a smaller or more important tribunal, from the Juge de Paix to the Cour de Cassation, the verdict invariably is given against them. I never *heard* an instance to the contrary, although there may have been some. In no case can an Englishman obtain justice; the detention of his property without just cause, all that he considers as law and justice in his own country, is overruled: he is obliged to submit to the greatest insults, or consent to the greatest imposition. This is peculiarly observable at Paris and Brussels, and it is almost a *jour de fête* to a large portion of the inhabitants when they hear that an Englishman has been thrown into prison. It must, however, be acknowledged that most of this arises not only from the wish of the rentiers, or those who live upon their means (who have these means crippled by the concurrence of English raising the price of every article), that the English should leave and re-

turn to their own country ; but also from the number of bad characters who, finding their position in society no longer tenable in England, hasten abroad, and, by their conduct, leave a most unfavourable impression of the English character, which, when Englishmen *only travelled*, stood high, but, now they reside to economize, is at its lowest ebb ; for the only charm which the English had in the eyes of needy foreigners was their lavishing their money as they passed through the country, enriching a portion of the community without increasing the prices of consumption to the whole.

As a proof of the insolence to which the English are subjected, I will give the reader a verbatim copy of a letter sent to me by a friend not more than a year ago. I have heard of such a circumstance taking place in France, but then the innkeeper was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour ; but this case is even more remarkable. Depend upon it, those who travel

will find many a Monsieur Disch before they are at the end of their journey. I will vouch for the veracity of every word in the letter : —

“ Wisbaden, July 3. 1836.

“ MY DEAR —, As you kindly said that you would be glad to hear of our progress when any opportunity offered of writing you a letter, I now avail myself of some friends passing through Brussels to let you know that thus far we have proceeded in health and safety ; but whether we shall complete our project of wintering in Italy seems more and more doubtful, as I believe the cholera to be doing its work pretty actively in some of the states we propose to visit ; and a gentleman told me yesterday, who has lately left the country, that the Pope is so glad of an excuse to keep heretics out of his dominions, that he has never taken off the quarantine : so that, under any circumstances, we must vegetate in some frontier hole for a

fortnight before we can be admitted ; a circumstance in itself sufficiently deterring, in my opinion. Besides which, what with the perplexity of the coinage, and the constant attempt at pillage which we have already met with, and which, I am told, is quadrupled on the other side of the Alps, such a counterbalance exists to any of the enjoyments of travelling, that I am heartily weary of the continual skirmishing and *warfare* I am subjected to ;—*warfare* indeed, as at Cologne I was *called out*. The story is too good to be lost, so I will tell it for your amusement and that of our friends at Brussels ; moreover, that you may caution every one against Mons. Disch, of the Cour Imperiale : — We had *marchandéed* with Madame Disch for rooms, who at last agreed to *our* terms ; but when the bill came, she charged her *own*. We remonstrated, and the bill was altered ; but Mons. Disch made his appearance before I could pay it, insisting on the larger sum, saying his wife

had no business to make a bargain for him. I remonstrated in vain, and Mrs. ——— commenced most eloquently to state the case; he was, however, deaf to reason, argument, eloquence, and beauty. At last I said, ‘Do not waste words on the matter, I will pay the fellow and have done with him, taking care that neither I nor my friends will ever come to his house again,’ at the same time snatching the bill from his hand: when he demanded, in a great fury, what I meant by that; exclaiming, ‘I am Germans gentlemen, — you English gentlemen, I challenge you — I challenge you.’ Although somewhat wroth before this, I was so amused that I laughed in the rascal’s face, which doubled his rage, and he reiterated his mortal defiance; adding, — ‘I was in London last year; they charge me twelve — fourteen shillings for my dinner at coffee-house, but I too much gentlemen to ask them take off one farding. I challenge you — I challenge you.’ I then said,

‘ Hold your tongue, sir ; take your money and be off.’ ‘ Me take money !’ replied he ; ‘ me take money ! No, my servant take money ; I too much gentlemen to take money.’ Upon which the waiter swept the cash off the table, handed it to his master, who immediately sacked it and walked off.”

I certainly have myself come to the conclusion that the idea of going abroad for economy is most erroneous. As I have before observed, the only article, except education, which is cheaper, is wine ; and I am afraid, considering the thirsty propensities of my countrymen, that is a very strong attraction with the nobler sex. If claret and all other French wines were admitted into England at a much lower duty, they would be almost as cheap in England as they are in foreign capitals ; and, as the increased consumption would more than indemnify the government, it is to be lamented that it is not

so arranged. Formerly we shut out the French wines, and admitted those of Portugal, as our ancient ally; but our ancient ally has shown any thing but good-will towards us lately, and we are at all events under no further obligation to support her interests. Let us admit French wines in bottles at a very low duty, and then England will be in every respect as cheap, and infinitely more comfortable as a residence than any part of the Continent. The absentees who are worth reclaiming will return; those who prefer to remain on the Continent are much better there than if they were contaminating their countrymen with their presence. How true is the following observation from the author I before quoted on her return from abroad:—

“Home, home at last. How clean, how cheerful, how comfortable! I was shown at Marthieu the shabby, dirty-looking lodgings, where the —— are economizing, in penance

for the pleasure of one little year spent in this charming house. Poor people ! How they must long for England ! how they must miss the thousand trivial but essential conveniences devised here for the civilization of human life ! What an air of decency and respectfulness about the servants ! what a feeling of homeishness in a house exclusively our own ! The modes of life may be easier on the Continent, — but it is the ease of a beggar's ragged coat which has served twenty masters, and is twitched off and on till it scarcely holds together, in comparison with the decent, close-fitting suit characteristic of a gentleman."

CHAP. XIX.

Brussels.

AUTHORS, like doctors, are very apt to disagree.

Reading, the other day, a very amusing publication, called the "Diary of a Désennuyée," some passages in it induced me to fall back upon Henry Bulwer's work on France. Among his remarks upon literary influence in that country, he has the following . —

"A literary Frenchman, whom I met not long ago in Paris, said to me that a good-natured young English nobleman, whom I will not name, had told him that dancers and singers were perfectly well received in English society, but not men of letters.

““ Est il possible qu'on soit si barbare chez vous ? ” ”

He subsequently adds : —

“ To be known as a writer is certainly to your prejudice.

“ First, people presume you are not what they call a gentleman ; and the grandfather who, if you were a banker or a butcher, or of any other calling or profession, would be left quiet in his tomb, is evoked against you.”

Mr. Bulwer then proceeds with a variety of argument to prove that literary men are not *Mæcenased* by either the government or aristocracy of Great Britain. He points out the advantages which the French literati have from their Institute, the ennoblements, the decorations, and pensions which they receive ; and certainly makes out a strong case.

The author of the “ Diary ” would attempt to deny the statements of Mr. Bulwer ; but, in the very denial, she admits all his points but

one — to wit, that they are not so well received by the aristocracy in England as they are in France.

She says —

“ What does Henry Bulwer mean by the assertion that literary men are more eagerly welcomed in society here than in England ?

“ They occupy, perhaps, a more independent and honourable position, are less exposed to being lionised by patronising dowagers, and more sure of obtaining public preferment ; but, with the exception of Mignet and Mérimée — who are courted for their personal merits and official standing rather than for their literary distinctions — I have scarcely met one of them. To the parties of the ministers of the *Grand Referendaire*, and other public functionaries, artists and men of letters are admitted as part of a political system ; but they are not to be found — like Moore, Rogers, Chantrey, Newton, and

others — in the boudoirs of the *elite*, or the select fêtes of a Devonshire House.

“ The calling of ‘ *un homme de lettres* ’ is here, however, a profession bearing its own rewards and profits, and forming an especial and independent class. In common with the artists they look to ennoblement in the Academy, and under the existing order of things have been richly endowed with places and pensions.”

It appears then, in France, that to the parties of ministers, &c. they are admitted as a part of the political system; and further, that they have been fostered by the government, by being ennobled and richly endowed with places and pensions. Therefore, upon his opponent’s own showing, Henry Bulwer has made out his case. In another part of the same work there is the following amusing passage, in advice given by a lady of fashion to her protégée upon entering into London society.

“ ‘ Pore over their books as much as you

please, but do not so much as dip into the authors,' said she, when I proposed an introduction to one of the most popular authors of the day. 'These people expend their spirit on their works — the part that walks through society is a mere lump of clay, like the refuse of the wine-press after the wine has been expressed.' In conversing with a clever author you sometimes see a new idea brighten his eye or create a smile round his lip; but for worlds he would not give it utterance. It belongs to his next work, and is instantly booked in the ledger of his daily thoughts, value 3s. 6d. The man's mind is his mine; he can't afford to work it gratis, or give away the produce."

If we are to draw any inference from this extract, it is, that although some noblemen do extend their patronage to literary men, at all events the general feeling is against them. I must say that I never was more amused than when I read the above sarcasm. There is much

truth in it, and yet it is not true. In future when I *do* say good things, as they call them, in company, I shall know the precise value of my expenditure during the dinner or evening party by reckoning up the three-and-sixpences. One thing is clear, that if an author say half a dozen good things, he fully pays for his dinner.

In the "Student," Edward Bulwer makes some remarks which range in opposition to the author of the above "Diary." In arguing that most authors may be known by their works, he says —

"Authors are the only men we really do know; the rest of mankind die with only the surface of their character understood."

It appears, then, that people have no excuse for being disappointed in authors; when they meet them in company they have but to read their works, and if they like the works they must like the authors. Before I proceed I must be permitted to make a remark here. An

author's opinion given as his own will allow the public to have an insight into his characters and feelings, and the public are justified in forming their opinions of an author upon such grounds. But it too often happens that the public will form their opinion of an author from opinions put by him into the mouths of the characters drawn in a work of fiction, forgetting that in these instances it is not the author who speaks, but the individuals which his imagination has conjured up; and that the opinions expressed by these creatures of his brain, although perfectly in keeping with the character, and necessary to produce that *vraisemblance* which is the great merit of fiction, may be entirely opposed to the real sentiments of the author. The true merit of fiction, and that which is essential to its success, is the power of the author at the time that he is writing to divest himself, as it were, of himself, and be for the time the essence of the character which he is delineating.

It is therefore a great injustice to an author to accuse him of being an Infidel because his infidel character is well portrayed, particularly as, if he is equally fortunate in describing a character which is perfect, the public do not ever give him the credit for similar perfection. That is quite another affair. Again, Edward Bulwer says, in opposition to the poverty of the *mine* : —

“ A man is, I suspect, but of a second-rate order whose genius is not immeasurably above his works, — who does not feel within him an inexhaustible affluence of thoughts, feelings, and invention, which he never will have leisure to embody in print. He will die and leave only a thousandth part of his wealth to posterity, which is his heir.”

I like to bring all in juxtaposition. There is excitement in making mischief, and that is the reason why people are so fond of it. Still, the question at issue ought to be fairly decided;

and, as in case of arbitration, when the disputants cannot agree, a third party is called in by mutual consent, I shall venture to take upon myself that office, and will fairly argue the point, as there is more dependent upon it than, upon the first view, the question may appear to merit.

If we turn back to the last century, in what position shall we find authors? — looking up to patrons among the aristocracy, and dedicating their works to them in panegyrics, fulsome from their obsequiousness and flattery. At that period the aristocracy and the people were much wider apart than they are at present.

Gradually the people have advanced; and, as they have advanced, so have the authors thrown off the trammels of servitude, and have attacked the vices and follies as well as the privileges of those to whom they once bowed the knee.

The advancement of the people, and the lowering of the aristocracy, have both been effected through the medium of the press. The

position of authors has been much altered. Formerly we behold such men as Dryden, Otway, and many others (giants in their days), humbling themselves for bread. Now we have seldom a dedication, and of those few we have the flattery is delicate. The authors look to the public as their patrons, and the aristocracy are considered but as a part and portion of it. These remarks equally hold good with respect to the government. Authors are not to be so easily purchased as formerly; they prefer writing in conformity with public opinion to writing for government, because they are better remunerated. Now, if it will be recalled to mind that in the rapid march of the people, in their assertion of their right to a greater share in the government of the country, in the pointing out and correcting of abuses, and in the breaking down of all the defences which have gradually yielded in so many years, it is the authors and the press who have led the van,

and that in these continual inroads the aristocracy have been the party attacked, — it is no wonder that there has arisen, unwittingly perhaps on the part of the aristocracy, a feeling against the press and against authors in general.

The press has been, and will probably for a long while continue to be, the enemy of the aristocracy; and it is hardly reasonable to expect that the aristocracy should admit the enemy within its camp. For, be it observed, whether a man write a political pamphlet or a novel, he has still the same opportunity of expressing his sentiments, of flattering the public by espousing their opinions; and as a writer of fiction, perhaps, his opinions have more effect than as a pamphleteer. In the first instance, you are prepared to expect a political partisan; in the latter, you read for amusement, and unconsciously receive the bias. For one who reads a political pamphlet (by-the-by, they are

generally only read by those who are of the same way of thinking as the author) there are hundreds who read through a work of fiction, so that the opinions of the latter are much more widely disseminated. Now, as most works are written for profit as well as reputation, they are naturally so worded as to insure the good-will of the majority, otherwise they would not have so extensive a sale. The majority being decidedly liberal, every work that now appears more or less attacks the higher orders. When, therefore, a gentleman who has been well received in the best society ventures upon writing a work, it is quite sufficient to state that he is an author (without his book being read) to occasion him to "*lose caste*" to a certain degree. Authors have been the enemies of the higher classes. You have become an author — consequently you have ranked yourself with our enemies. Henry Bulwer, therefore, is right where he asserts

that “to be known as an author is to your prejudice among the higher classes.”

Having made these observations to point out that the aristocracy and the press are at variance, let us now examine into the merits of authors, as mixing in society. And here I think it will be proved that it is more their misfortune than their fault that there should be a prejudice against them. They are overrated before they are seen, and underrated afterwards.

You read the works of an author—you are pleased with them, and you wish to become acquainted with the man. You anticipate great pleasure—you expect from his lips, in *impromptu*, the same racy remarks, the same chain of reasoning, the same life and vigour which have cost him so many hours of labour and reflection, or which have been elicited in his happiest moods, and this from a person who comes, perhaps, almost a total stranger into a large company. Is this fair or just to him?

Did you find any of your other friends, at first meeting, play the fiddle to a whole company of strangers? Are not authors as reserved and shy as other people—even more so? And yet you ask them, as if they were mountebanks or jugglers with a certain set of tricks, to amuse the company. The very circumstance of being aware that this is expected of him makes the man silent, and his very anxiety to come up to your expectations takes away from his power.

The consequence is, that you are disappointed, and so are the company, to whom you have announced that “Mr. So-and-so” is to meet them. Had you become intimate with this person you would have perhaps found the difference, and that he whom you pronounced as so great a failure, would have turned out equally amusing. At the same time there is some truth in the remarks of the “*Désennuyée*” that “some authors will not let out their new ideas, because they require them for their books.” But, as Bulwer observes, they must

be but *second-raters*, as the majority of authors are.

In many instances they are punsters; but punning is not a standard of authorship; or, perhaps, there may be other second-rate authors present, and if so, they know that they are in the company of literary pickpockets.

To prove that this remark of the “*Désennuyée*” can only apply to second-rate authors, let us examine into the conversational powers of those who are first-rate. And here I can only speak of those whom I have known, — there may be many others. Where could you find such conversationists as Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Sir John Malcolm, and many others, who are now gone? And among those in existence, I have but to mention Croker, Theodore Hooke, Professor Wilson, Bulwer, Lockhart, the Smiths, and, in the other sex, Lady Blessington, Lady Morgan, Mesdames Somerville, Austin, and Jameson.

Now these are all first-rate authors in their various styles; and I can challenge any one to bring forward an equal number out of the whole mass who are so powerful or delightful in society. And there is still more to be said in favour of authors. I know many whose conversation is superior to their writings; I will not name them, as they, perhaps, would not consider this to be a compliment; but it fully tends to disprove the remarks of the Désennuyée, as to authors of talent reserving their thoughts for their books, for, on the contrary, when in company, they generally take the lead. Still, there is a difference arising from the variety of temperament: some, accustomed to mix constantly in society, will be indifferent whether they are acquainted with the parties present or not; others, more retiring, require to feel at their ease, and it is only in small coteries, and among friends, that their real value can be appreciated. Theodore Hooke is

a proof of the former, the late Charles Lamb was of the latter. Some shine most when they have no competitors; others are only to be brought out when other men of talent are in company, and, like the flint and steel, their sparks are only to be produced by collision.

If I might be permitted to offer an opinion to the authors themselves, it would be, not to mix in general company, but confine themselves to their own friends. They would stand much higher in reputation if they adhered to this plan; above all, let them avoid what the author of the "*Désennuyée*" terms those "*Skinnerian lion feeds*" given by those who have no talent to appreciate, and who, to fill their menagerie, will mix you up with foreign swindlers and home-bred ruffians. This is most humiliating, and has certainly injured the fraternity.

I have but one more remark to make. — Authors in England have little to expect from the Government and the aristocracy. Pensions and

honours have been given, but until Sir Robert Peel set a more worthy example, they were bestowed for the support of political opinions, not as a reward of talent. That the aristocracy, with but a few exceptions, have not fostered talent, is most true; and they are now suffering from their want of judgment. They have shut their doors to authors, and the authors have been gradually undermining their power. To what extent this may be carried, it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain, that the press is more powerful than either king or lords, and that, if the conflict continue, the latter must yield to the influence of the former, who will have ample retaliation for the neglect to which they have been subjected.

What a superiority there is in England over France, and every other nation, in the periodical and daily press, especially in the latter! Take up the "Constitutionnel," or "Journal des Débats" at Paris, and then look at the broad

double sheets of the "Times" and other morning papers, with the columns of information and original matter which they contain. Compare the flimsy sheets, bad printing, and general paucity of information of the Continental daily press, with the clear types, rapid steam power called into action, the outlay, enormous expenditure, and rapid information obtained by our leading journals from all quarters of the globe. I have looked with astonishment and admiration at the working of the "Times" newspaper by its beautiful steam-engine; it is one of the most interesting sights that can be beheld.

Nothing but the assistance of steam could, indeed, enable the great daily newspapers to accomplish their present task. When the reader calls to mind that the debates in the House are sometimes kept up till two or three o'clock in the morning; that the reporters, relieved every

twenty minutes, have to carry all their communications to the office ; that all this matter has to be arranged, put in type, and then worked off ; and that, notwithstanding this, the double sheet of matter is on thousands and thousands of tables by nine o'clock the next morning, it is really wonderful how it can be accomplished. Saturday night appears to be the only night on which those connected with these immense undertakings can be said to have any repose from year's end to year's end. What a life of toil ! what an unnatural life must theirs be, who thus cater during the hours of darkness for the information and amusement of the mass who have slept soundly through the night, and rise to be instructed by the labour of their vigils ! It can be effected in no other country in the world. It is another link in the great chain of miracles, which proves the greatness of England.

The *editors* of these papers must have a most onerous task. It is not the writing of the lead-

ing article itself, but the obligation to write that article every day, whether inclined or not, in sickness or in health, in affliction, distress of mind, winter and summer, year after year, tied down to one task, remaining in one spot. It is something like the walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a fellow-feeling for them, for I know how a monthly periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing — the labour is not manifest: nor is it the labour — it is the continual attention which it requires. Your life becomes as it were the magazine. One month is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes the other. It is the stone of Sisyphus — an endless repetition of toil — a constant weight upon the mind — a continual wearing upon the intellect and spirits' demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to do the severest drudgery. To write for a magazine is

very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery.

Magazine writing, as it is generally termed, is the most difficult of all writing, and but few succeed in it; the reason of which is obvious—it must always be what is termed *up to the mark*.

Any one who publishes a work in one, two, or three volumes, may be permitted to introduce a dull chapter or two; no one remarks it; indeed, these dull chapters allow the mind of the reader to relax for the time, and, strange to say, are sometimes favourable to the author. But in magazine-writing these cannot be permitted; the reader requires excitement; and whether the article be political or fictitious, there requires a condensation of matter, a pithiness of expression (to enable you to tell your story in so small a space), which is very difficult to obtain. Even in continuations the same rule must be adhered to, for, being read month after

month, each separate portion must be considered as a whole and independent of the other; it must not therefore flag for one minute. A proof of this was given in that very remarkable production in "Blackwood's Magazine," styled "Tom Cringle's Log." Every separate portion was devoured by the public—they waited impatiently for the first of the month that they might read the continuation, and every one was delighted, even to its close, because the excitement was so powerful. Some time afterwards the work was published in two volumes, and then, what was the consequence?—people complained that it was overcharged—that it was too full of excitement—gave no repose. This was true; when collected together it had that fault—a very good one, by the by, as well as a very uncommon one; but they did not perceive that until it was all published together. During the time that it came out in fragments they were delighted. Although, in this instance,

the writing was overcharged, still it proved, from the popularity it obtained when it appeared in the magazine, what force and condensation of matter is required in writing for periodicals.

CHAP. XX.

I AM grave to day; it is the birth-day of one of my children—a day so joyful in youth, in more advanced life so teeming with thought and serious reflections. How happy the child is—and it is its happiness which has made me grave.

How changed are our feelings as we advance in life!—Our responsibility is increased with each fleeting year. In youth we live but for ourselves—self predominates in every thing. In mature age, if we have fulfilled the conditions of our tenure, we feel that we must live for our children. Fortunately, increase of years weans us from those selfish and frivolous expenses which youth requires, and we feel it little or no sacrifice to devote to our children the means

which, before, we considered so important to the gratification of our pride and our ambition. Not that we have lost either our pride or our ambition, but they have become centered in other objects dearer to us than ourselves—in the race springing up—to whom we shall leave our names and worldly possessions when our own career is closed.

Worn out with the pursuit of vanity, we pause at a certain age, and come to the conclusion that in this life we require but little else than to eat, drink, prepare for a future existence, and to die.

What a miserable being must an old bachelor be!—he vegetates, but he cannot be said to exist—he passes his life in one long career of selfishness and dies. Strange, that children, and the responsibility attached to their welfare, should do more to bring a man into the right path than any denunciations from holy writ or holy men! How many who might have been

lost, have been, it is to be hoped, saved, from the feeling that they must leave their children a good name, and must provide for their support and advancement in life ! Yes, and how many women, after a life so frivolous as to amount to wickedness, have, from their attachment to their offspring, settled down into the redeeming position of careful, anxious, and serious minded mothers !

Such reflections will rise upon a birth-day, and many more of chequered hopes and fears. How long will these flowers, now blossoming so fairly, be permitted to remain with us ? Will they be mowed down before another birth-day, or will they be permitted to live to pass through the ordeal of this life of temptation ? How will they combat ? Will they fall and disgrace their parents, or will they be a pride and blessing ? Will it please Heaven to allow them to be not too much tempted, not overcome by sickness, or that they shall be severely

chastised? Those germs of virtue now appearing, those tares now growing up with the corn—will the fruit bring forth good seed? will the latter be effectually rooted up by precept and example? How much to encourage! and how much to check! Virtues in excess are turned to vice—liberality becomes extravagance—prudence, avarice—courage, rashness—love, weakness—even religion may turn to fanaticism—and superior intellect may, in its daring, mock the power which granted it. Alas! what a responsibility is here! A man may enjoy or suffer when he lives for himself alone; but he is doubly blessed or doubly cursed when, in his second stage, he is visited through his children. What a blessing is our ignorance of the future! Fatal, indeed, to all happiness in this world would be a foreknowledge of that which is to come. We have but to do our duty and hope for the best, acknow-

ledging, however severe may be the dispensation, that whatever is, or is to be, is right.

How strange, although we feel in the midst of life we are in death, that mortals should presume to reduce it to a nice calculation, and speculate upon it ! I can sell my life now to an annuity-office for twenty years' purchase or more, and they will share a dividend upon it. Well, if ever I do insure my life, I hope that by *me* they will lose money, for, like every body else in this world, I have a great many things to do before I die. There was but one man I ever heard of who could lie down and die, saying, " Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace." I have no warning yet, no screw is loose in this complex mechanism : and yet, this very day, a chimney-pot may fall on my head, and put an end to all my calculations.

It is right that the precarious tenure of our existence should not be wholly forgotten, but

certainly was never intended that it should be borne on the mind, for, if we had ever in our memory that we may die this very hour, what a check there would be to all energy, and enterprise, and industry. Who would speculate with the anticipation of large returns upon some future day, if he did not calculate upon living to receive them? We should all stop to say *Cui bono!* If it were not that our hopes support us, not only support us in all reasonable, but even unreasonable calculations, the world would be at a stand-still. No, no! we have our duty to perform towards our God; but we are also enjoined to perform our duty towards our neighbour. The uncertainty of life is to be remembered as a check to our worldly passions, but not as a drag-chain to our worldly career.

CHAP. XXI.

En route, August, 1837.

THERE is a great art in packing property, and in it our profession are fortunately adepts. A midshipman, for instance, contrives to put every thing at the bottom of his chest. No very easy matter to pack up and arrange a carriage-full of children, two birds, and a spaniel puppy — in all, twelve living beings with all their appendages, down to the birds and dogs' tails. As for packing up a dog, that is impossible; the best way is to pack it off. Canary birds travel very well in the carriage lamps, in the summer time, when they are not lighted; and I mention this as a hint to those who travel with such indispensable appendages. Independent of their being out of the way, their appearance behind

the glass is a source of great amusement to those who are standing by where you change horses.

Stopped at St. Frond, and asked what was to be seen. Nothing here but churches and monks. One of the little girls, three years old, looked with avidity at the Virgin Mary, three feet high, in gold brocade. The old verger observing this, led her nearer to it, ascribing her admiration probably to piety, when, to his horror, she screamed out, "*Quel jolie poupée.*" Solomon says, "Out of the mouths of babes shall ye be taught wisdom." The old man dropped her hand, and looked as if he would have lighted the faggots had she been bound to the stake, as she, in his opinion, deserved.

The perseverance of Belgian beggars is most remarkable, and equally annoying. The best way is to take out your purse, and pretend to throw something over their heads; they turn back to look for it; and if you keep pointing

farther off, you distance them. On the whole, I consider that it is much more advisable not to give to beggars, than to relieve them. Begging is demoralising, and should be discountenanced in every country. If children are brought up to whine, cry, and humiliate themselves as in Belgium, that feeling of pride and independence in early youth, which leads to industry in after life, is destroyed. And yet, the aged and infirm would appear to be proper objects of charity. In many cases, of course, they must be ; but to prove how you may be deceived, I will state a circumstance which occurred to me some years ago.

I was driving up the road with a friend. He was one of the pleasantest and most honest men that nature ever moulded. His death was most extraordinary : of a nervous temperament, ill health ended in aberration of intellect. At that time Lord Castlereagh had ended his life of over-excitement by suicide ; the details in the

newspapers were read by him, and he fancied that he was Lord Castlereagh. Acting precisely by the accounts recorded in the newspapers, he went through the same forms, and actually divided his carotid artery, using his penknife, as had done the unfortunate peer. Peace be with him ! To proceed. I was driving in a gig, a distance of about forty miles from town, on the Northern Road, when, at the bottom of a steep hill, we fell in with a group who were walking up it. It consisted of a venerable old man, with his grey locks falling down on his shoulders, dressed as a countryman with a bundle on a stick over his shoulders ; with him were a young man and woman, both heavily burdened, and five children of different sizes. The appearance of the old man was really patriarchal, and there was a placidity in his countenance which gave a very favourable impression. For a short time they continued breasting the hill on the pathway : when about one-third up, the

old man crossed the road to us, as our horse was walking up, and taking off his hat, said, "Gentlemen, if not too great a liberty, may I ask how far it is to ———?" mentioning a town about twelve miles off. We told him, and he replied, "That's a long way for old legs like mine, and young legs of tired children." He then informed us that they had lost their employment in the country, and that with his son and daughter, and their children, he had gone to town to procure work, but had been unsuccessful, and they were now on their return. "God's will be done!" continued he, after his narrative, "and thankful shall we be to find ourselves at our cottages again, although twelve miles is a weary bit of road, and I have but a few halfpence left, but that will buy a bit of bread for the poor children, and we must do as we can. Good morning, and thank'ye kindly, gentlemen."

Now there was no begging here, certainly, except by implication. The effect, however,

of his narrative was to extract a crown out of our pockets, which was received with a shower of blessings on our heads. We drove off, observing how difficult it was to know how to select real objects of charity, and flattering ourselves that alms in this instance were worthily bestowed. My readers will agree with me, I have no doubt.

It so happened, that about ten days afterwards, I was driving on the Dover road, in the same gig, and in company with the same gentleman, when we came to the bottom of Shooter's Hill. Who should we fall in with but the very same party, the venerable old man, the young people, and the children, trudging up the pathway. The same plan of proceeding was observed, for, although we recognised them immediately, it appeared that they did not recognise us. We allowed the old fellow to tell his tale, as before; it was just the same. He first took off his hat, and in-

quired the distance to——; and then entered into the same narrative, only changing the place of abode, and ending with his few half-pence to buy bread for the children. I let him finish, and then I did not, as before, give him a crown, but I gave him a cut across his face with the whip, which made him drop his bundle, put his hands up to it; and we left him, stamping with pain in the middle of the road, till we were out of sight. A young rogue I can easily pardon, but an old one, on the verge of the grave, is a proof of hardened villany, which admits of no extenuation. After giving him this *cut direct*, we never met again.

To return to St. Frond.—In the last church we visited we had a scene. A woman was in the confessional; the priest, with a white handkerchief up to conceal his face and prevent what he said being overheard, attracted the attention of the children, who demanded an explanation. Children ask so many questions.

“Do you think she has been very wicked? Will he forgive her?” Before I could offer my opinion upon this important subject, the woman gave a loud scream, and fell back from the confessional in a fit. The priest rose, the handkerchief no longer concealed his face, and he appeared to be burning with indignation. She was carried out of the church, and the priest hastened up the aisle to the vestry. What had she done? At all events, something for which it appeared there was no absolution.

Aix-la-Chapelle — alas ! What did we care for the tomb of Charles the Great, and his extensive dominions, his splendour and power? We had lost something to us of much more importance — a carpet bag; not that the carpet bag was of much value, for it was an old one, nor the articles which it contained, for they were neither new nor of much worth; but we lost in that carpet bag an invaluable quantity of comfort, for it contained a variety of little absolute necessities, the loss of which we could

not replace until our arrival at Cologne, to which town all our trunks had been despatched. The children could not be brushed, for the brushes were in the carpet bag; they could not be combed, for the combs were in the carpet bag; they were put to bed without night-caps, for the night-caps were in the carpet bag; they were put to bed in their little chemises, reaching down to the fifth rib or thereabouts, for their night-clothes were in the carpet bag: not only the children, but every one else suffered by this carpet bag being absent without leave. My boots burst, and my others were in the carpet bag; my snuff-box was empty, and the canister was in the carpet bag; and the servants grumbled, for they had smuggled some of their things into the carpet bag.

It would appear that every thing had been crammed into this unfortunate receptacle. Had we lost a jewel case, or a purse full of

money, it would have been a trifle compared to the misery occasioned by this jumble up of every day conveniences of little value, showing how much more comfort depends upon the necessaries than the luxuries of life. I may add, now that I read what I have written, that this carpet bag increased in dimensions to a most extraordinary compass for several weeks afterwards. Every thing that was missing was declared by the servants to have been in the carpet bag, which, like the scapegoat of the Jews, wandered in the wilderness bearing with it all the sins of all the nurses and every other domestic of the family.

On our road, the landlord of an inn put the following printed document into my hands, which I make public for the benefit of those who are sportsmen without being landholders:—

“ *Comfortable Inn.* — The proprietor of the Red House, at Burgheim, on the road from

Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne, pleasantly situated in the middle of the town, opposite the Post-office and Post-House, has the honour of recommending himself to travellers. The ‘Galignani’s Messenger’ and other newspapers are taken in. The English, German, and French languages spoken. Having excellent preserves of game in the neighbourhood, he is happy to inform travellers that he can provide them with good sports in wild boar, deer, and hare hunting, and wild duck and partridge shooting. Horses and carriages of all descriptions supplied for excursions in the neighbourhood.

“A. J. HONS.”

Prussia. — I fear that our political economists are running after a shadow, and that their reciprocity system will never be listened to. It is remarkable, that, after subsidising

this and other powers to break up the continental system established by Napoleon for the expulsion of English manufactures and the consequent ruin of England, now that the world is at peace, these very powers who, by our exertions and our money, have been liberated from their thralldom, have themselves established the very system of exclusion which we were so anxious to prevent. A little reflection will prove that they are right. The government of a country ought never, if possible, to allow that country to be dependent upon any other for such resources as it can obtain by its own industry. We, ourselves, acted upon this principle when we established the silk manufactories in Spitalfields; and it is the duty of every government to do the same.

The indigenous productions of the soil may fairly be admitted on a system of reciprocity and exchange, but not articles of manufacture,

of which the raw material is to be obtained by all. For instance, the lead, and iron, and tin of Great Britain, the wines of other countries, are all articles to be exchanged or paid for, by those who have not mines of those metals or do not possess vineyards. Further than this, reciprocity cannot go, without being injurious to one, if not to both parties.

Three of the carriage wheels defective ! Add this to the carpet bag, and people will agree in the trite observation that misfortunes never come single. This is not true ; they do come single very often, and, when they do, they are more annoying than if they come in heaps. You growl at a single mishap, but if you find that Fortune is down upon you and attempts to overload you, you rise up against her with indignation, snap your fingers, and laugh at her. The last mishap brought consolation for all the others ; if we had not so fortunately found out the defects in the wheels, we might have broken

our necks the next day, especially, as some amateur took a fancy and helped himself to our *sabot*. I only wish he may be shod with it for the remainder of his days.

It is curious how the ignorant and simple always rise or depreciate others, whatever their rank may be, to their own levels, when they talk of them. I listened to one little girl telling a story to another, in which kings, queens, and princesses were the actors. "And so," said the queen to the princess, "what a very pretty doll that is of yours!" "Yes, your majesty; papa bought it for me at the bazaar, and gave 5s. 6d. for it," &c. This reminded me of the sailors telling stories on board of a man-of-war, who put very different language into the mouth of royalty. "Well," says the king, "blow me tight if I'll stand this. You must buckle to as fast as you please, Mrs. Queen." "I'll see you hanged first, and your head shaved too," answered her majesty in a rage, &c. &c. What queens

may say in a rage it is impossible to assert; but to the seamen this language appeared to be perfectly regal and quite correct.

Some people form odd notions of gentility. A cabman took up a well-dressed female, who made use of expressions which rather startled him, and he observed to a friend of his, a hackney-coachman, that he had no idea that the higher classes used such language. "Pooh! pooh!" replied the coachman, "she warn't a lady." "I beg your pardon," replied the cabman, "a real lady, *hat and feathers!*"

Cologne.—This is a regular Golgotha—the skulls of the Magi, *par excellence*, and then the skulls of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins. I wonder where she collected so many! St. Ursula brought a great force into the field, at all events, and, I presume, commands the right wing of the whole army of martyrs. I went into the golden chamber, where there are some really pretty things. The old fellow handed

us the articles one after another, but I observed that there were many things which I had seen when here before, which were not presented to view, so I looked into the cabinet and found them. They were crystal vases, mounted with gold and precious stones. One had the thigh-bone of St. Sebastian; another, part of the ulna of St. Lawrence; and a third a bit of the petticoat of the Virgin Mary. I handed them out to the ladies, and asked him why he did not show us those as he used to do before. The old man smiled and turned the corners of his mouth down, as if to say, "It's all humbug!" Relics are certainly at a discount, even among the Catholics.

I question whether the Bridge of Boats at Cologne don't pay better than any other in the whole world, although by no means the handsomest; the stream of passengers on it all day is as strong and as wide as the Rhine itself. As for Cologne, the best thing that could

happen to it is to be burnt down. Narrow streets, badly ventilated, badly drained; your nose is visited with a thousand varieties of smell as you pass along; and the Eau de Cologne in the gutters is very different in savour from that which you buy in the bottles.

We had a pleasant passage from Cologne to Coblenz, and from thence to Mayence, because we had pleasant company. It is singular, but it is a fact, that you go on board a steam-boat to avoid fatigue, and each night you are more tired than if you had travelled by land. You go to avoid dust and heat; the first is exchanged for blacks out of the funnel, and you are more dirty than if you had travelled twice the distance; and the heat is about the same; in these points you certainly gain nothing. The expense of these Rhine steam-boats is very great. By a calculation I made — to travel by post, five persons in a carriage, from Cologne to Strasburg — you will expend 200 and

odd francs less than by the steam conveyance. In time you certainly lose by steam, as you are four days and a half going to Strasburg, and by land carriage it is half the distance, being only forty-five posts.

Neither do you save trouble; for the steam-boats being changed every evening, you have to take your luggage on shore, shift it from one to the other, and, at the very time that you are least inclined to do any thing, independent of an enormous expense which you ought not to pay, but cannot well resist.

Now, as you really gain nothing in the above points, it is at least to be supposed that you gain in the picturesque; but this is not the case: and I have no hesitation in asserting that those who go up the Rhine are generally disappointed, although they do not like to say so. They expect too much. The vivid descriptions, the steel engravings, have raised their anticipations too high; and they find that the

reality is not equal to the efforts of the pen and pencil. Several of the passengers acknowledged to me that they were disappointed; and I must confess that I hardly knew the Rhine again. When I travelled up the Rhine by land I thought it beautiful; but in a steam-boat it was tame.

This was observed by others, besides myself, who had ascended both by steam and by the road running close to the banks; and the reason was simple. When you travel by land you have the whole breadth of the Rhine as a foreground to the scenery of the opposite bank, and this you lose by water; and the bank you travel on is much more grand from its towering above you, and also from the sharp angles and turns which so suddenly change the scenery. Abruptness greatly assists the picturesque: the Rhine loses half its beauty viewed from a steam-boat. I have ascended it in both ways, and I should recommend all travellers to go up

by land. The inconveniences in a steam-boat are many. You arrive late and find the hotel crowded, and you are forced to rise very early (at Mayence at three o'clock in the morning), which, with a family, is no trifle. The only part of the Rhine worth seeing is from Cologne to Mayence; below Cologne and above Mayence it is without interest; and although between these two places the steam-boats are well served, above Mayence every thing is very uncomfortable, and you are liable to every species of exaction.

If I were to plan a tour up the Rhine for any friends, I should advise them not to go by the Rotterdam steamer; it is a long voyage and without interest, and with many inconveniences; but start in the steamer to Antwerp, go up to Brussels by the rail-road; from thence you will start for Cologne by the route of Namur and Liege through Waterloo; and I rather expect that many will prefer the banks

of the *Meuse* to the Rhine. I know nothing more beautiful than the road from Namur as far as Chaude Fontaine, although compared to the Rhine it is on a miniature scale. From Liege to Aix-la-Chapelle, and from thence to Cologne. Go up the Rhine by land as far as Mayence, and then you may do as you please. When you are coming back, descend by the steam-boats; for then you go with the stream and with great rapidity, and arrive in good time at the towns where they stop. You will then have seen the Rhine by land and by water.

At present the bubble is at its height; but it will burst by and by. The English are lining the banks of the Rhine with gold, and receive insult and abuse in exchange. I have been much amused with a young countryman who has come up in the steamer with me. Not able to speak a word of French or German, he is pillaged every hour of the day; but if he could speak, he has no idea of the value of his

money. He pulls out his purse, and the waiters help themselves — very *plentifully*, I may safely add. What he has come for it is difficult to say: not for the picturesque, for he slept the whole time between Cologne and Mayence — that is, all the time that was not occupied by eating and drinking. His only object appears to be to try the Rhenish wines. He has tried all upon the *Wein Presen*. He called for a bottle of the best; they gave him one not on the *carte*, and charged him exactly one pound sterling for the bottle. He is a generous fellow; he sits at the table with his bottle before him, and invites every man to partake of it. And he found plenty on board who were willing to oblige him.

“Capital wine an’t it?” said he to a Frenchman who drank his wine, but did not understand a word of English.

“A votre santé, Monsieur,” replied the Frenchman.

“ I say, what wine do you call it ? ”

“ C'est exquis, Monsieur,” replied the Frenchman.

“ Exkey is it ? ” You waiter, bring us another bottle of exkey.

CHAP. XXII.

To continue. — Should travellers think it advisable to proceed upon the Rhine, so far as Mayence, let them be careful how they venture to proceed farther. I did so, out of curiosity to know what the features of the Rhine were, after it had lost its character for magnificence, and I will now detail my progress. At Mayence you are shifted into a smaller steamer, with less power, upon the principle that there being but a few passengers, their comforts do not require so much attention; for, as the Rhine becomes more rapid as it narrows, upon any other principle the power of the engine should have been greater. I must caution the reader not to believe what is told them by the steam-packet company.

Barbers were once considered liars *par excellence*, but I am inclined to give the preference to these new associations. The features of the Rhine change immediately that you leave Mayence : the banks are low, and the river is studded with numerous islands, all of which, as well as the greatest proportion of the banks, are covered with osiers. Still, there is a great beauty in the Rhine even there ; the waving of the osiers to the strong breeze, the rapidity of the current, the windings of the river, the picturesque spires of the village churches, or the change of scenery when the river pours through forests, lining each bank as the vessel slowly claws against the rapid stream, are by no means uninteresting ; of course, we did not arrive at Leopoldshaffen at the hour stated by the people at the office, but we did arrive late at night, and took up our quarters at a small auberge in the above village, which is not marked down in the maps, but which has post-

horses and diligences to convey passengers to Carlsruhe. Notwithstanding the assertion at the packet-office that we were to be in one day to Leopoldshaffen, in one day more to Strasburg, we found there was no steamer until the day after the morrow, and that we must wait one day more if we did not choose to go to Carlsruhe. The females, being fatigued, preferred remaining where they were. We sauntered about and amused ourselves quietly. The next day, we found the steamer had arrived, and that instead of her ascending in one day to Strasburg, it would take a day and a half, and that we must pass the night aboard without the least accommodation—not very pleasant, with a carriage full of young children. We embarked on board the steamer, which was a miserable small vessel, with an engine of bad construction, and very small power; and with this we were to oppose the most rapid part of the Rhine. In every other point the vessel was equally ill found:

they had a very small stock of provisions, bad wine, and none of those comforts provided for the passengers in the other vessels. To crown all, another family with children (of whom more hereafter) had taken their passage. The steward told us, that never expecting so many people on board going up to Strasburg, he was totally unprepared; and so it eventually appeared.

We started, and soon found out that the power of the engines was quite disproportionate to the object in view. The Rhine now assumed a more desolate character. For miles and miles not a village or even a solitary town to be seen; the Hartz mountains forming a blue opaque mass in the distance; the stream rapidly passing through narrow and deep channels, leaving one half of the bed of the river dry. At times we passed very dangerous straits, where the waters boiled and eddied over reefs of rocks, and were often obliged to force our way by keeping within

a foot of steep and muddy banks, where trees torn up, and hanging by the roots, proved how violent must be the current when the river is increased by the melting of the mountain snow.

Our progress was, as it may be imagined, most tedious; at no time did we advance above a mile and a half per hour; sometimes we did not gain a hundred yards in the same time, and occasionally we were swept back by the current, and had to lose still more ground, while they increased the power of the engine at the risk of explosion. The consequence was, that when the day closed, the conducteur gave his opinion, that instead of being at Strasburg by eleven or twelve o'clock the next day, we should not arrive till four or five o'clock: we anchored within a yard of the bank, and prepared to pass the night how we could.

Our party consisted of seven, with two nurses. The other party consisted of four grown-up females, one male, four boys, an East African

negro, and a *cowskin*,—the latter was a very important personage, and made a great noise during the passage. The gentleman was apparently one of those who denominate themselves eclectic: he paid very little attention to what was going on; a peaceable sort of man whose very physiognomy said, “any thing for a quiet life:” one of the ladies was his wife, and two others, virgins of some standing, apparently his sisters; the other lady, a bilious-looking sort of personage, and happy in being the mother of four very fine boys, as great pickles as ever lived; these she kept in order with the assistance of the negro and the cowskin, the use of the latter occasioning such evident marks of astonishment and horror to *our* little ones, as not to be at all satisfactory to the lady in question, who appeared not averse, had she dared, to have given them a taste of it. The youngest and the youngest but one of the boys were the two sufferers; the youngest had a regular dozen

administered every half hour. The two eldest were more particularly under the care of the negro, who used his fists, I presume because they wore corduroys, and, as Hood says, did not care for "cut behind." We had not been in the vessel two minutes before there was a *breeze*. I heard the negro expostulating as follows:—
"You very foolish boy, what you mean? who ever heard of putting new cloth cap into water to catch fish?" This was the first offence. I must say that the coercion used did not appear to originate from any feeling of regard for the children, for they were allowed to climb, and push, and run over the sky-lights, and over the engine, and I every moment expected that some of them would be provided for either by the cog-wheels or the river Rhine.

It was evident at once, not only from the above accessories, but from the Chinese trunks which contained their luggage, that they were

an Indian importation, and their behaviour subsequently proved it, beyond all doubt, even if they had not made it known—not by talking to us but by talking at us, for they evidently did not consider that we were sufficiently respectable to be admitted into their society, even in the short intercourse of fellow-travellers.

I cannot here help making an observation relative to most of the people who come from India. They are always dissatisfied, and would gladly return. The reason is very obvious; they at once lose their rank and consequence, and sink down to the level which they are entitled to in English society. In India the rank of the servants of the Company takes precedence; but whatever their rank or emolument may be in India, they are still but servants of a company of merchants, and such rank is not, of course, allowed in England. Accustomed to unlimited sway and control over a host of fawning slaves, and to that attention as females

— which, where females are not very plentiful, is most sedulously paid—accustomed to patronise the newcomers, who, of course, feel grateful for such well-timed civility and hospitality—in short, accustomed to rank, splendour, wealth, and power—it is not surprising that, upon their return to England, when they find themselves shorn of all these, and that their station in society is far more removed from the apex, they become sullen and dissatisfied. Of course, there are many who have been resident in India, where family and connections insure them every advantage upon their return to their native country; but it must be recollected that the greater proportion of those who return consists of those who were of low origin, and who have obtained their appointments in reward for the exertions of their parents in behalf of their patrons in parliamentary returns, &c., and of young females who have (with their face as their fortune) been shipped off to India upon

a matrimonial speculation. Now, however high in rank they may have, in the course of many years' service, arrived to in India, when they return they are nobodies; and unless they bring with them such wealth as to warrant their being designated as Nabobs, their chance of admittance into the best society is very small indeed.

I have said that they *talked* at us, and not to us. The gentleman was civil, and would have conversed, but he was immediately interrupted and sent off on a message, and, for a quiet life he gave it up. The system of talking at people always reminds me of the play of the "Critic," in which it is asked why, if "he knows all this, it is necessary to tell him again?" simply, because the audience do not; so, the party in question were the actors, and we were the audience to be informed. The conversation between the adults ran as follows:—"You recollect how polite Lord C—— was to us at ——?" "To be sure I do."—"Lady D——

told me so and so.” “Yes, I recollect it very well.”—“What a nice man the Honourable Mr. E——is !” “Yes, that he is.”—“How very intimate we were at —— with Lady G——.” “That we were.”—And so on, during the whole of the day, much to our edification. How contemptible, how paltry is such vanity ! But with their indulgence of it for our amusement, the cowskin, and a scanty dinner, we got through the first day, during which, two or three occasional patronising questions or remarks were thrown at our heads, and then they reverted to their own assumed exclusiveness. The night, as may be supposed, was anything but comfortable to those in the cabin ; but I shall not dwell upon what, if fairly narrated, would be a very pretty sketch of human nature.

We were to arrive the next day at five o'clock in the afternoon, but we toiled on, and the sun at last went down, and we found ourselves with

the steeple of Strasburg a long way off. We again anchored, and had to pass another night in this miserable vessel and delightful company. The detention, of course, made our fellow-passengers more cross, and could I have obtained possession of the cowskin I would certainly have thrown it overboard. The captain sent a man on shore to procure us something to eat, for the steward declared himself bankrupt. The next forenoon we arrived at the bridge of boats between Kehl and Strasburg and thus was finished our tedious and unpleasant voyage, of which I have given a description as a warning to all future travellers. Our fellow-passengers did once condescend to address and inform us that they had left England (a party of ten people) only to pay a visit to some friends in Switzerland — an expensive sort of trip, and which did not appear at all consistent with the fact that they were travelling without a carriage or female

servants. Be it as it might, we separated without so much as a salutation or good-bye being exchanged.

Much of the picturesque on the Rhine is destroyed by the vineyards, which are, in reality, the most unpoetical things in landscape scenery, being ranged up the sides of the mountains in little battalions like infantry. It is remarkable in how shallow and how very poor a soil the vine will grow. At St. Michael's they dig square holes in the volcanic rocks, and the vines find sustenance. At the Cape of Good Hope the Constantia vineyards are planted upon little more than sand. I dug down some depth and could find nothing else. The finest grapes grown in Burgundy are upon a stratum of soil, little more than a foot deep, over schistus slate quarries, and the soil itself composed chiefly of the *debris* of this soft rock.

We know that the vegetable creation has a sort of instinct as well as the animal; and it

appears to me that there are different degrees of instinct in that portion of nature as well as in the other. A vine, for instance, I take to be a very clever plant, and both apple and pear-trees to be great fools. The vine will always seek its own nourishment, hunting with its roots through the soil for the aliment it requires, and if it cannot find it where it is planted it will seek, in every direction and to a great distance, to obtain it. It is asserted that the famous vine at Hampton Court has passed its roots under the bed of the river, and obtains aliment from the soil on the other side: but an apple or pear-tree will take no such trouble—it will not even avoid what is noxious. Plant one of these trees in the mould three or four feet above the marl or clay; so long as the roots remain in the mould the tree will flourish, but so soon as the tap root pierces down to the marl or clay below the mould, the tree will canker and die. To prevent this, it

is the custom to dig first down to the marl and put a layer of tiles upon it, which turn the roots of the trees from a perpendicular to a horizontal direction, and then they do well; but leave the tree without assistance, and the fool will commit suicide, blindly rushing to its own destruction, while the vine will not only avoid it, but use every exertion to procure what is necessary for its continuing in health and vigour. The vine is therefore certainly the more intellectual plant of the two.

CHAP. XXIII.

Strasburg.

THERE certainly is an impulse implanted in our natures to love something; our affections were never intended to lie in abeyance, and if they cannot be placed upon the other sex or our own children, they still seek something as an object. This accounts for old bachelors being fond of their nephews and nieces, for blood relationship has nothing to do with it; and for old ladies, who have not entered into wedlock, becoming so attached to dogs, cats, and parrots. Sometimes, indeed, the affections take much wilder flights in the pursuit of an object, and exhibit strange idiosyncrasies; but still it proves by nature we are compelled to love something. I have been reflecting how far

this principle may not be supposed to pervade through the universe, and whether we cannot trace it in the inferiors of the animal creation : whether we cannot trace a small remnant of Paradise in the beasts who enjoyed it with man, as well as in man himself. It is well known that animals will take very strong and very strange attachments towards other animals. It is, perhaps, more apparent in domestic animals, but is not that because they are more brought together and more under our immediate eye? In some instances, as in the case when maternal feelings are roused, the strongest antipathies and habit will be controlled. A cat losing her kittens has been known to suckle a brood of young rats, but in this case I consider instinct to have been the most powerful agent; wild beasts confined in cages show the same propensity. The lion secluded in his den has often been known to foster and become strongly attached to a dog, thrown into him to be de-

voured; but there never was an instance of a lion or any other wild beast, which had a female in the same den or even a companion of its own species, preserving the life of any other living creature thrown into him. This feeling occasions also the production of Hybrids; which in a wild state could never take place. There is not, probably, a more ferocious or ill-tempered animal than the bear when it is grown up; it is subdued by fear, but shows no attachment to its keeper; yet, the other day I fell in with a remarkable narration proving the feeling I have referred to, actuating even this animal. A proof of the bad feeling of a bear is fully established by the fact that, although Martin, as the old bear is called in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, had been confined in his fosse for nearly twenty years, during which time not a day passed that he was not well fed by the people who amused themselves in the gardens, when a man fell into his pit, he immediately

destroyed him. It does however, appear, that all bears are not so ill-tempered as Monsieur Martin. Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear confined by a long chain, near the palisades below the glacis. Some poor Savoyard boys, who had emigrated as they still do, with the hopes of picking up some money to take back with them, had taken shelter in an out-house during a severe snow storm. One of them who was numbed with the cold, thought that he would try if he could not find some warmer berth, and in seeking this, as the snow fell fast, he at last crawled nearly exhausted into the kennel of the bear. Instead of tearing the lad to pieces, the bear took him in his fore paws, and pressed him to his shaggy warm coat till he was quite recovered. A bear generally receives you with open arms, whatever may be his ultimate decision; but in this instance it was favourable. The poor little boy finding himself in good quarters, went fast asleep, the

next morning he sallied forth to obtain some victuals if he could, but without success. Cold and hunger drove him again to the kennel of the bear, who not only was delighted to see him, but had actually laid aside a portion of his supper for the boy's use. The amicable arrangement continued for some days, and the bear, at last, would not touch his victuals till the boy's return. This peculiar friendship was at last discovered and the story narrated to the Duke, who sent for the boy, and took care of him, admitting him into his own household. The narrator observes that the boy died a year or two after this unusual occurrence had taken place. I have no doubt but that many more instances might be brought forward by others to establish my supposition. To us, all wild animals of the same species appear to be much alike in disposition, because we have not an opportunity of examining and watching them carefully, but I should rather

imagine, that as we can perceive such a manifest difference in temper between individual horses and dogs and other animals who are domesticated, that the same difference must exist in the wild species, and that, in fact, there may be shades of virtue and vice in lions, tigers, bears, and other animals; and that there does exist in animals as well as in man, more or less according to their natural dispositions, a remnant of those affections which in the garden of our first parents were so strongly implanted as to induce the lion to lie down with the lamb. "God is Love" says the Scriptures; before the devil found his way to this earth all was love, for God only was there. Now man struggles between the two principles of good and evil. When his nature was changed, so was that of animals; but the principle not being extinct in man, why should not a portion still remain in the rest of the creation, who with him were permitted to inhabit the garden of Eden, and

whose savage natures were not roused until with man they were driven from that abode of peace?

The most affectionate animal that I know of is the common brown Mongoose: it is a creature between the squirrel and the monkey, with all the liveliness but without any of the mischief of the latter. Unfortunately they will not live in our country, or they would supersede the cat altogether; they are very clean, and their attachment is beyond all conception to those who have not seen them. They will leap on their master's shoulder, or get into his bed, and coil their long bushy tails round his neck like a boa, remaining there for hours if permitted. I recollect one poor little fellow who was in his basket dying — much to the grief of his master — who, just before he expired, crawled out of his straw and went to his master's cot, where he had just sufficient strength to take his place

upon his bosom, coil his tail round his neck, and then he died.

Hares and rabbits are also very affectionate. One of my little girls had one of the latter, which she brought up in the house. He grew very large, and was domesticated just like a dog, following you everywhere, in the parlour and up into the bed-room; in the winter lying on the rug before the fire on his side, and stretching out his four legs as unconcerned as possible, even refusing to go away if you pushed him. As for the cat, she durst not go near him. He thrashed her unmercifully, for he was very strong; and the consequence was that she retired to the kitchen, where he would often go down, and if she was in his way drive her out. The hare and rabbit, as well as the deer tribe, defend themselves by striking with their fore paws, and the blow which they can give is more forcible than people would suppose. One day when I was in a cover, leaning against a tree,

with my gun in my hand, I presume for some time I must have been in deep thought, I heard a rustling and then a squeak on the other side of the tree; I looked round the trunk, and beheld a curious combat between two hares and a stoat. The hares were male and female, and had their leveret between them, which latter was not above six weeks old. The stoat — a little devil with all its hair, from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, standing at end — was at about two yards distance from them, working round and round to have an opportunity to spring upon the leveret, which was the object of its attack. As it went round so did the hares face him, pivoting on a centre with the young one between them. At last the stoat made a spring upon the leveret. He was received by the hares, who struck him with their fore feet such blows as I could not have believed possible; they actually resounded, and he was rolled over and over until he got out of distance,

when he shook himself and renewed his attacks. These continued about ten minutes, and every time he was beaten off; but, as at every spring his teeth went into the poor little leveret, at last it gave its last squeak, turned over on its side, and died, the father and mother still holding their relative situations, and facing the stoat. The latter showed as much prudence as courage; for so soon as he perceived that the leveret was dead, he also walked off. The hares turned round to their young one, smelt at it apparently, pushed it with their noses, and shortly after, as if aware that it was past all defence, hopped slowly away; they were hardly out of sight in the bushes when back came the stoat, threw the leveret, twice as big as himself, over his shoulders, and went off with his prize at a hard gallop, reminding me, in miniature, of the Bengal tiger carrying off a bullock. All the actors in the drama having gone off, I walked off, and shortly after both barrels of my gun

went off, so the whole party disappeared, and there's an end of my story.

If an elephant were not so very unwieldy, and at the same time so very uncertain in his temper, he is the animal who has the most claims from affection and intelligence to be made a pet of; but an elephant in a drawing-room would be somewhat incommodious; and, although one may admit a little irritability of temper in a lap-dog weighing three pounds, the anger of an elephant, although he expresses himself very sorry for it afterwards, is attended with serious consequences. There is something very peculiar about an elephant in his anger and irritability. It sometimes happens that, at a certain season, a wild elephant will leave the herd and remain in the woods alone. It is supposed, and I think that the supposition is correct, that these are the weaker males who have been driven away by the stronger, in fact, they are elephants crossed in love; and when in that

unfortunate dilemma, they are very mischievous, and play as many fantastic tricks as ever did any of the knights of the round table on similar occasions in times of yore.

When I was at Trincomalee, an elephant in this situation had taken possession of the road at some leagues distant, and, for reasons best known to himself, would not allow a soul to pass it. He remained *perdu* in the jungle till he saw somebody coming, and then he would burst out and attack them. It is the custom to travel in palanquins from one part of the island to another, as in all parts of India. If some officer or gentleman was obliged to proceed to Colombo or elsewhere, so soon as the palanquin came towards him, out came the elephant; the native bearers, who knew that it was no use arguing the point, dropped the palanquin and fled, and all that the occupant could do was to bundle out and do the same before the elephant came up, otherwise he had little chance of his

life, for the elephant immediately put his knees in the palanquin, and smashed it to atoms. Having done this, he would toss the fragments in the air in every direction, at the same time carefully unfolding all the articles contained in the palanquin for the occupant's use — shirts, trowsers, boots, bottles, books, undergoing a most rigid examination, and after that being rended to fragments. If the cooley who had the charge of the bag of letters made his appearance, he was immediately pursued until he gave up the whole correspondence, official or private. The bag was opened, every letter was opened one by one, and then torn in fragments and tossed to the winds. In this way did he keep possession of the road, stopping all communication for several weeks, until it was his sovereign will and pleasure that people might receive their letters and travel across the country as before. Now what an unaccountable freak was this ! It was like the madness of a reason-

able being. If I recollect right, it was when Captain Owen was on the east coast of Africa, some of his party who landed were attacked by elephants, who threw them down on the ground and, instead of killing them, as might have been expected, and would have given them no trouble, they drew up a large quantity of mud in their trunks and poured it into their mouths so as to nearly suffocate them, and then left them. On another occasion, they put their fore feet on their limbs, so as to pinch and bruise them severely in every part of their bodies, but avoided their bones so as not to fracture one. Now this was evidently two species of torture invented by the elephants, and these elephants in a wild state. There certainly is something very incomprehensible about these animals.

The lion has been styled the king of beasts, but I think he is an usurper allowed to remain on the throne by public opinion and suffrage,

from the majesty of his appearance. In every other point he has no claim. He is the head of the feline or cat species, and has all the treachery, cruelty, and wanton love for blood that all this class of animals have to excess. The lion, like the tiger and the cat, will not come boldly on to his prey, but springs from his concealment. It is true that he will face his assailants bravely when wounded, but so will the tiger.

In my opinion, the horse is the most noble of all animals, and, I am sorry to say, the most ill-used, at least in England; for I do not recollect a single instance of having seen a horse ill-treated on the continent. In fact, you hardly ever see a horse on the continent that is not in good working condition: you never meet the miserable, lame, blind, and worn-out animals that you do in England, which stumble along with their loads behind them till they stumble into their graves. If any one would take the

trouble to make friends with their horses, they would be astonished at the intelligence and affection of this noble animal; but we leave him to our grooms, who prefer to use force to kindness. At the same time, I have observed, even in colts, very different dispositions; some are much more fond and good-tempered than others; but let them be what they will as colts, they are soon spoiled by the cruelty and want of judgment of those who have charge of them in the stable. The sympathy between the Arab and his horse is well known: the horse will lie down in the tent, and the children have no fear of receiving a kick; on the contrary, they roll upon him, and with him: such is the result of kindness. And I can now give a proof of the effects of the contrary, as it was, in this instance, what may be termed *malice prepense* in the animal. The horses used in the West Indies are supplied from the Spanish Main; they are from the Andalusian stock originally, partly Arab

and barb. These horses are taken by the lasso from the prairies, and are broken in as follows: — They lead them down to the sea beach, saddle and bridle them for the first time, and mount them with a pair of spurs, the rowels of which are an inch long. So soon as the animal plunges and attempts to divest himself of his rider, he is forced into the sea, and there he is worked in and out of his depth till he is fairly worn out and exhausted. This is repeated once or twice till they are submissive, and then they are sent off as broke-in horses to the West India islands. A friend of mine had a very beautiful animal, which he had purchased from one of these ships. He had not bought him more than a week before he took the bit in his mouth, and ran away with the black boy who was exercising him. The boy lost his seat and fell, and the horse, for a hundred yards, continued his career; and then it stopped, turned round, and galloped up to the boy, who was

still on the ground, and never ceased kicking him till the poor fellow's brains were scattered in the road. Now this was evidently determination for revenge.

CHAP. XXIV.

STRASBOURG is full of the pomp and circumstance of war. Being one of the keys of France, it has a garrison of ten thousand men, and the drums and bands play from morning to evening, much to the delight of the children, at all events. It is a well-built town, although the houses are most of them of very ancient date, with three stories of *mansardes*, in their high-peaked roofs. I am rather partial to the Alsatian character; it is a combination of French, Swiss, and German, which make a very good cross. Not being in any particular hurry, I have remained here ten days, and I will say for Strasbourg, that it has many recommendations. It is lively and bustling; the walks outside the ramparts are beautiful, and living

is very reasonable. It has, however, the reputation of being a very unhealthy place, and I am afraid with truth. It is singular that the beautiful cathedral, although it has already suffered so much by lightning, has not yet been fitted with a conductor. There was a meeting of the dignitaries some years back; some argued in favour and some against it, and it ended in neither party being persuaded, and nothing being done. I met another Englishman here, to whom the question might so properly be put, "What the deuce are you doing here?" An old worthy, nearly seventy, who, after having passed his fair allowance of life very happily in his own country, must, forsooth, come up the Rhine, without being able to speak a word of French, or any other language but his own. He very truly told me that he had just begun to see the world at a time that he should be thinking of going out of it. He honoured me with the office of interpreter as long as he stayed,

and I was not sorry to see him booked for the steam-boat, all the way to the London Custom House stairs.

There is one remarkable point about the town of Strasbourg, which is, that the Protestants and Catholics have, I believe always, and do now, live in a state of amity which ought to be an example to others. In running over the history of the town, I do not find that they ever persecuted each other; but if they have not persecuted each other, I am shocked to say that they have not spared the Jews. At the time of the plague, they accused the Jews of having occasioned it by poisoning the wells, and only burnt alive *two thousand of them at once!* I wonder when the lightning struck the cathedral they did not drown two thousand more in the Rhine — strange Christianity! when smitten by the hand of God, to revenge themselves by smiting their fellow-creatures. I had to call upon a Professor here upon some business; he amused

me very much; he fancied that he could speak English: perhaps he might have been able to do so at one time, but if so, he had forgotten it, but he did not think he had. I addressed him in French, and told him my business. "Sir, you speak English." — "Yes," replied I. "Then, Sir, I tell you that ——" Then he stopped, pondering and perplexed for some minutes, without saying a syllable. "Speak French, Sir," said I; "I perceive that you have forgotten a word in our language;" and I then put another leading question to him, to which he replied, "Yes, I recollect that very well, and I ——" Then another dead pause for the verb. I waited a minute in perfect silence, but his memory was as treacherous as he was obstinately bent upon talking English, and then I again spoke to him, and he replied, "That is true, that you must ——" Then he broke down again, and I broke up the conference, as I really could not wait until he formed English

words, and he was evidently resolved that he would speak in no other language. Fortunately, it was no business of my own, but a commission from another, which ended in an omission, which, perhaps, did quite as well.

This morning I strolled into a small *débit de tabac*, to fill my box, and it being excessively warm, was not sorry to sit down and enter into conversation with the young woman who attended upon the customers. I asked her, among other questions, if the shop was hers. She replied, "That she had hired the license." This answer struck me, and I inquired if she could obtain a license for herself. She replied, "No, unless," said she, laughing, "I should marry some old *estropié* who has been worn out in the service." She then informed me of what I was not aware, which is, that instead of giving pensions to the old militaires, they give them, and them only, the licenses for selling tobacco. They may either carry on the trade themselves,

or may lease out their licenses to others, for as much as they can obtain for it per year.

I perceive that the Gallic cock now struts on the head of the staff, bearing regimental colours, instead of the eagle of Napoleon. They certainly have made the cock a most imposing bird, but still a cock is not an eagle. The couplets written upon this change, which was made by Louis Philippe, are somewhat sarcastic :—

“ Le vaillant coq Gaulois,
Grattant sur le fumier,
A fait sortir le roi
Louis Philippe Premier ;
Qui par juste reconnoissance
Le mit dans les armes de France.”

Did not sleep very comfortably this night; there were too many of us in the bed and all of us bits of philosophers: I am a bit of a philosopher myself, and surely fleas cannot be considered more than very little bits. All French fleas are philosophers, it having been

fairly established by a French punster that they belong to the *secte — d'Epicure (des piqueurs)*.

The English who go up the Rhine to Switzerland generally proceed on the German side. Few pass through Alsace or German France, and those who do, take the shortest route, by which they avoid Colmar. As I took the longest in preference, I shall in few words point out the features of the country. You pass through the valley of the Rhine, which is flat and fertile to excess, the only break in the uniformity of the country being the chain of Vorges mountains, distant about eight miles on your right, and the occasional passage of the dry bed of a winter torrent from the mountains. The cathedral at Colmar is well worth seeing. In outward architecture it is not very remarkable, but its painted windows are quite as fine as those of Strasbourg; and, in one point, it excels all the cathedrals I have seen, which is the choir, handsomely carved in oak, and with good pictures

let into the panels. It is in better taste, more solid, and less meretricious in its ornaments, than any I know of. It has also a very fine pulpit, the whole of which, as well as the steps and balustrade leading up to it, is of fine marble. At Colmar, the eye will be struck with the peculiarity of architecture in some of the old buildings; it very often is pure Saracenic. The roads being excellent, we arrived in good time at Basle.

Once more in Switzerland; I have more pleasure now in revisiting a country which has left pleasant reminiscences in my mind, than in passing through one hitherto unexplored. In the latter case, I am usually disappointed. When we revisit those spots in which our childhood was passed, how invariably do we find that the memory is true to what the place appeared to us when children, and hardly to be recognised when our ideas and powers of mind have been developed and enlarged in proportion with

our frames. Is it possible? thought I, when I returned, after a lapse of fifteen years, to the house of my childhood out of mere curiosity, for my family had long quitted it. Is this the pond which appeared so immense to my eyes, and this the house in my memory so vast? Why it is a nutshell! I presume that we estimate the relative size of objects in proportion to our stature, and, as when children, we are only half the size of men, of course, to children, everything appears to be twice the size which it really is. And not only the objects about us, but everything in the moral world as well. Our joy is twice the joy of others, and our grief, for the moment, twice as deep: and these joys and griefs all for trifles. Our code of right and wrong is equally magnified: trifles appeared to be crimes of the first magnitude, and the punishments, slight as they were, enough to dissolve our whole frame into tears until we were pardoned. Oh dear! all that's gone, as Byron says —

“ No more, no more, O never more on me,
The freshness of the heart shall fall like dew.”

The cathedral at Basle is nearly one thousand years old, which is a ripe old age, even for a cathedral. I believe that it is only in Switzerland, and England, and Holland, that you find the Protestants in possession of these edifices, raised to celebrate the Catholic faith.

I met here a very intelligent Frenchman who has resided many years in the town. One of the first questions I put to him was the following : —

For more than twenty years Switzerland has been overrun with English and other visitors, who have spent an enormous sum of money in the country : what has become of all this money ?

He replied that I might well ask the question.

“ They have no banks in Switzerland ; and, although land exchanges owners, still, the money does not leave the country. We have here,”

he said, “a few Millionaries, who do lend their money in France upon good securities; but except these few, they do nothing with it. The interest of money is so low, that I have known it lent by one of the rich people at two-and-a-half per cent; and the Swiss in general, in preference to risking what they can obtain for so small a premium, allow it to remain in their chests. There is, at this present moment, more bullion in Switzerland than in any other country in Europe, or, perhaps, than in all the countries in Europe. A Swiss is fond of his money, and he does not use it; the Millionaries, that we have here, make no alteration in their quiet and plain state of living.” He then continued, “At this moment, those who can afford to spend their money at Basle are retrenching, not from motives of economy, but from feelings of ill will. The burghers, who have country seats, to which they retire during the summer, have abandoned them, and if any one wished to settle

in this canton, they might purchase them for half their value. The reason is, that there has been a difference between the town burghers and the country people. The canton wanted a reform bill to be passed, in which they have not succeeded. They required a more equitable representation — the country people amount to about forty thousand, the town of Basle to only ten thousand; and the town of Basle, nevertheless, returns two thirds of the council, which governs the canton, to which the people who live in the country have raised objections. Hence the variance; and, to punish the country people by not spending their money among them, the burghers have abandoned their country houses.”

It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that at the time of the three days at Paris, there was an *émeute* in Switzerland, in which the aristocracy were altogether put down; and in Berne, and some other cantons, the burghers' families,

who, on pretence of preventing the aristocracy from enslaving the country, had held the reins of power for so long a period, were also forced to surrender that power to those who had been so long refused participation in it. This was but the natural consequence of the increase of wealth in the country: those who before had remained quiet, feeling themselves of more consequence, insisted upon their rights; and the usual results were, that the administration of the government changed hands; but although this might be considered as an advantage gained, still it was but a change, or rather an admission of those who had become wealthy to a participation of the advantages connected with the exercise of authority; a change beneficial to a few, but to the *masse*, productive of no real advantage. At Berne, to be a member of the government, is considered as a certain source of wealth, a convincing proof that the interests of those who hold the reins are not neglected;

and that in a republic it is as difficult to insure to the people their legitimate rights, as under any other form of government. And so it will be as long as the world turns round; man is everywhere the same exacting, selfish, preying creature; and his disposition is not to be changed.

The Helvetic Republic is, in fact, nothing but an aggregation of petty despotisms — leniently administered, I grant; but still nothing but despotisms. Those who are in power, or connected with those in power, are the only portion of the community who can amass large sums; and thus the authority is handed down from one to the other within certain limits, which it but rarely transgresses, something very nearly approximating to the corporations in England.

In Switzerland, the working man remains the working man, the labourer the labourer, almost as distinct as the Indian castes: the nobles are

crushed, and the haughty burgher rules with all the superciliousness of vested right.

I have always held a "respublica" as only to exist in theory or in name. History has proved the impossibility of its retaining its purity for half a century. What the American Republic may be, it is impossible to say, until one has been in the country, and discovered what its advocates have been careful to conceal. The Americans had a great advantage in establishing this system of government; they had nothing to overthrow, nothing to contend with. They all started fair, and their half century is now nearly complete. Time will prove whether it be possible in this world to govern, for any length of time, upon such a basis. Mr. Cooper, in his work on Switzerland, is evidently disappointed with his examination into the state of the Helvetic Republic; and he admits this without intending so to do.

At Soleure, I saw nothing very remarkable,

except a dog with a very large goître on his neck, a sight which I never had witnessed before, during the long time that I wandered through Switzerland.

On our way to Berne, to divide the day's travelling more equally, we stopped at a small village, not usually the resting-place of travellers, and I there met with a little bit of romance in real life, which Sterne would have worked up well, but I am not sentimental. The house, to which the sign was the appendage, struck me, at first entering, as not having been built for a *hôtellerie*; the rooms were low but large, and the floors *parquetté*; here and there were to be seen remains of former wealth in pieces of *marquetterie* for furniture, and clocks of *or molu*. There were some old prints, also, on the walls, very superior to those hung up usually in the auberges of the continent, especially in a village auberge. When the supper was brought up, I observed that the silver forks and spoons were

engraved with double arms and the coronet of a marquis; I asked the female who brought up the soup, from whence they had obtained them? She replied, rather *brusquement*, that she supposed that they had been bought at the silver-smith's, and left the room as if not wanting to be questioned. The master of the auberge came up with some wine. He was a tall, fine, aristocratical-looking man, about sixty years of age, and I put the question to him. He replied that they belonged to the family who kept the inn: "But," said I, "if so, it is noble by both descents?" "Yes," replied he, carelessly, "but they don't think anything of that here." After a few more questions, he acknowledged that they were the armorial bearings of his father and mother, but that the family had been unfortunate, and that, as no titles were allowed in the country, he was now doing his best to support the family. After this disclosure, we entered into a long discussion relative to the

Helvetic Republic, with which I shall not trouble my readers. Before I went, I inquired his name from one of the servants, and it immediately occurred to me that I had seen it in the list of those twenty-six who are mentioned as the leaders of the Swiss who defeated the Burgundians, and whose monument is carved in the solid rock at Morat. Two engravings of the monument were in the rooms we occupied, and I had amused myself with reading over the names. I am no aristocrat myself, heaven knows ! and if a country could be benefited, and liberty obtained, by the overthrow of the aristocracy, the sooner it is done the better ; but when we see, as in Switzerland, the aristocracy reduced to keeping village inns, and their inferiors, in every point, exerting that very despotism of which they complained, and to free the people from which, was their pretence for a change of government, I cannot help feeling that if one is to be governed, let it be,

at all events, by those who, from the merits of their ancestors and their long-held possessions, have the most claim. Those who are born to power are not so likely to have their heads turned by the possession of it as those who obtain it unexpectedly; and those who are above money-making are less likely to be corrupt than those who seek it. The lower the class that governs, the worse the government will be and the greater the despotism. Switzerland is no longer a patriarchal land. Wealth has rolled into the country; and the time will come when there will be a *revolution* in the *republic*. Nothing can prevent it, unless all the cantons are vested into one central government, instead of so many petty oligarchies, as at present, and which will eventually tire out the patience of the people.

I parted from my noble host, and will do him the justice to say that his bill was so moderate, compared to the others paid in Switzerland,

that I almost wished that all the inns in the cantons were held by the nobility — that is, provided they would follow his example. His wine was excellent, and I suspect was laid in long before the sign was hung up at the door.

From Soleure to Berne the whole road was lined with parties of troops ordered in that direction : every man of them was drunk, cheering, and hooting, and halloing at us as we passed. As for the peasant girls they met on the road, I really pitied them. At last we have arrived at Berne. The Bernese have chosen a most appropriate symbol in their heraldic crests of the bear, and, as if they had not a sufficient quantity inside of their town, they keep four in the ditch outside.

What a difference between the *tables d'hôte* in Germany and in Switzerland ! I always prefer the *table d'hôte* when it is respectable, for nothing is more unpleasant than remaining in an hotel shut up in your own room ; the latter

may be more dignified and aristocratic, but it is not the way to see the world; one might as well be in England, and, indeed, had much better. A *table d'hôte* is a microcosm: you meet there all nations, people of all professions—some idle, some busy travelling on important matters, others travelling for amusement. You are unfortunate if you do not fall in with one clever man at least, and you are quite sure to meet with a fool, which is almost as amusing. When I survey a *table d'hôte* I often think of the calenders who had all come to spend the *Ramadhan* at Bagdad, and their histories; and I have thought that Grattan might make a very good series of Highways and Byways if he could obtain the history of those who meet at this general rendezvous. The *tables d'hôte* in Germany are excellent, properly supplied, and very moderate. I cannot say so of those in Switzerland. The fondness of the Swiss for money betrays itself in everything, and instead of

liberality at the *table d'hôte*, we have meanness. The dinner itself is dearer than in Germany, and not half so good; but what is the most unexcusable part of our host's conduct is, that he half serves his guests, as Sancho was served at Barrataria; for instance, as is usually the case, the viands are put on the table and then removed to be carved; two ducks will make their appearance at one end, two chickens at the other; they are removed, and only one of each is cut up and handed round, the others are sent away whole to be re-dressed for some great man who dines in his own room. This has been constantly the case since I have been here. It may be asked, why we do not remonstrate? In the first place, I prefer watching my host's manœuvres; and in the next, although I might get my duck, my host would charge me the whole value of it when he sent in his bill.

The French Ambassador could not have taken a better step to bring the Swiss to their

senses than threatening them with a blockade. It would have been ruin to them. All the golden harvests would have been over, their country would have been deserted, and their Ranz des Vaches would have been listened to only by the cows. As the French minister expected, the councils fumed and vapoured, the officers drew their swords and flourished them, and then — very quietly pocketed the affront that they might not be out of pocket. What a pity it is that a nation so brave and with so many good sterling qualities should be, as it would appear, so *innately* mercenary! There never was a truer saying than “Point d’argent, point de Suisse.”

CHAP. XXV.

Geneva.

TWENTY years have made a wonderful alteration in the good sober puritanical city of Geneva. The improvement from the new buildings which have been erected is so great, that I could hardly recognise the old city of Geneva in her new dress. It was an old friend with a new face, for as you enter the town, all the new buildings and streets meet your view. As far as it has proceeded (for there is much left yet to be finished), the new portion of Geneva is finer than any portion of Paris, upon an equal space of ground. But what surprised me more was to read the *affiches* of the *Comédie*. A theatre in Geneva! When I was last here, a theatre was considered by the good

people as criminal to the highest degree, I inquired where the theatre was to be found, and it was all true — there *was* a *theatre*. I then made more inquiries. It appeared that Mamon had seduced the puritans of Geneva. People would not winter at Geneva; it was so dull — no amusements; and as soon as the snow was knee deep at Chamouny, they all ordered horses and flew away to Paris or Italy. This affected the prosperity of the good citizens, and they talked among themselves; but no one of the Town Council would propose a theatre, until it was discovered, by private communication, that they were unanimously agreed, — then the proposition was started and carried. But there are many concomitants attending a theatre, and with the theatre many other innovations have crept in; so that in a few years Geneva will be no better than Paris. When I was last here, Science was the order of the day. There were many celebrated men residing in

the town, but they are all gone to their forefathers. Every branch of Natural History had its *savant*; but, above all, Mineralogy was the most in vogue. But Mineralogy has been superseded, lately, by her eldest sister Geology, who, although not so pretty, has been declared more interesting and profound. Still Mineralogy is the more scientific, although Geology is the more speculative. In the education of children, I know no study which so enlarges the mind or gives a habit of research and application, as that of Natural History; it is amusement and instruction so happily blended, that it never tires. Perhaps, the natural cupidity of our natures assists, as the knowledge of every new specimen is for the most part accompanied by the *possession* of the specimen and an addition to the collection. Moreover, it is a tangible study; not a nomenclature of things, but each substance is in your hand to be examined. The arrangement and classi-

fication gives a habit of neatness and order, and children are taught to throw nothing away until its value is known. Every child should be made acquainted with Natural History ; and where the specimens can be obtained, and there is room for them, they should be allowed to have a collection, such as minerals, corals, shells, and plants ; for these sciences, amusing in themselves, will gradually impel them to the others more abstruse, as every branch of Natural Philosophy is intimately connected with them. The mind will ever be active, and if not interested in rational pursuits, it will fly off to the sensual.

They have a very excellent plan in Switzerland, in many of the boys' schools, of all the scholars setting off together on a pedestrian tour of some weeks. You will meet a whole school of thirty or forty urchins, with their knapsacks on their shoulders, attired in *blouses*, trudging away from town to town, and from

mountain to mountain, to visit all the remarkable peculiarities of the country.

This is a most excellent method of relaxing from study, and invigorating the mind at the same time that it is allowed to repose. Neither is it so expensive as people would imagine. One room will hold a great many school-boys, where the mattresses are spread over the floor: and I saw them make a very hearty breakfast upon bread and cheese and three bottles of wine, among about forty of them. Why should not the boys about London set off on a tour to the lakes or elsewhere, in the same way — every year changing the route. They then would see something of their own country, which few do before they are launched in life, and have no time to do afterwards. I have never seen the lakes; in fact, I know nothing of my country, although I have scoured the world so long. I recollect that my father, who had never seen the Tower of London, was deter-

mined every year that he would go and see it; but he never could find time, it appears, for he died without seeing it at last. I did, however, make the observation, that if Geneva had backslided so far as to permit a theatre, there was a feeling that this innovation required being carefully opposed. When I was at Geneva before, there was no theatre, but neither were there shops which dealt exclusively in religious tracts and missionary works. I observed on this my second arrival, that there were a great many to serve as a check to the increasing immorality of the age.

I have referred to the change of twenty years, but what a change has been effected in about three hundred years, in this very country. Read what took place in these cantons at about the date which I have mentioned. I have been reading the chronicles. Observe the powers assumed by the bishops of that period; they

judged not only men but brutes ; and it must be admitted that there was some show of justice, as the offending parties, being dumb themselves, were allowed lawyers to plead for them.

How the lawyers are paid, has not been handed down ; and it appears that the judgments were sometimes easier pronounced than carried into execution.

At Basle, in the year 1474, it appears that a cock was accused of the enormous crime of having laid an egg : he was brought to trial and condemned to be burnt alive, as a warning to all cocks not to lay eggs, from which it is well known would have been hatched a cockatrice or basilisk.

In 1481, cockchafers committed great ravages in the Grisons. The Bishop of Coire condemned them all to transportation, and a barren valley was assigned to them as their future residence. Whether the cockchafers obeyed his

Lordship's orders, is not handed down to posterity.

Some years afterwards the river Aar was infested with leeches, who spoilt all the salmon. The Bishop of Lausanne excommunicated the whole tribe of leeches in a solemn procession to the river; and it is dreadful to reflect, that this excommunication remains upon their heads even unto this day. Also next door, in France, in 1386, a sow was arraigned for having eaten a young child, and condemned to be hanged; to add to the disgrace of her punishment, she was dressed *in man's clothes*.

About the same period rats were extremely mischievous, and in consequence were summoned to appear before my Lord the Bishop. But the rats had a good lawyer, who first asserted that the rats, being dispersed in all the neighbouring villages, had not had time to collect together, and make their appearance; and that a second and a third summons would

be but an act of justice. They were, therefore, again summoned after the performance of mass on Sunday in each parish. Notwithstanding the three summonses, the rats did not appear in court, and then their defender asserted, that in consequence of the affair having been made so public by the three summonses, all the cats were on the look out, and therefore his clients dare not make their appearance without all the cats were destroyed. The consequence of this difficulty was, that the rats were not punished for contempt of court.

I have often thought that it is a great pity that agricultural associations in England do not send over a committee to examine into the principle upon which they build and load carts and waggons on the Continent.

It is a point on which we are very unenlightened in England. The waste of wood in the building, and the wear and tear of horses, is enormous. We have yet many things to learn

in England, and must not be ashamed to profit from our neighbours. One horse will do more work on the Continent, especially in France and Switzerland, from the scientific principles upon which their vehicles are built, and the loads are put on, than three horses will accomplish in England. The inquiries of the committee might be extended much if they went to the Agricultural Association at Berne; they would discover many things which have not yet entered into their philosophy. I doubt very much whether the four-course shift of Norfolk, where farming is considered the most perfect, is not more expensive and more exhausting to the land, than the other systems resorted to on the Continent; that is, that it is not that which will give the greatest possible returns at the minimum of expense. I have before observed how very seldom you see a horse out of condition and unfit for work on the Continent: one great cause must be from their not being

racked and torn to pieces by overloading; and notwithstanding which, the loads they draw are much heavier than those in England. I have seen a load of many tons so exactly poised upon two wheels, that the shaft horse neither felt his saddle nor his belly-band.

One great cause of the ill usage of horses in England is the disgraceful neglect of the public conveyances of all kinds. If an alteration was to be made in the regulations of hackney coaches and cabs, we should no longer have our feelings tortured by the spectacles of horse misery which we daily meet with. There are plenty of commissioners for hackney coaches, and it is a pity that they had not something to do for the money they receive, or else that they were abolished and their duty put into the hands of the police. It may appear a singular remark to make, but I cannot help thinking that there would be a good moral effect in the improvement of hackney coaches. There are a

certain class of people in London, to whom these vehicles are at present of no use. I refer to those who have a sufficient independence, but who cannot afford to keep their carriages, and who, by the present system of social intercourse, are almost shut out of society, or are inclined to spend more money than prudence would dictate. In all other capitals, the hackney coaches are clean and respectable, and in some instances as good as a private carriage; and besides that, they have a superior kind of carriage for evening parties, which renders the expense of a private carriage unnecessary. There certainly may be some excuse made for those who dislike hackney coaches pulling up at their doors, when we look at the disgusting turn-outs of the London stands, at one time filled with drunken men and women, at others carrying diseased people to the hospital, or dead bodies to the Surgeons' Hall. An English hackney coach is a type of misery, as regards

the horses' outsides, and a *cloaca* within ; you know not, when you step into it, whether you are not to encounter disease and death. It may be said that there are such vehicles as glass coaches, as they are termed ; but those are only to be hired by the day, and become very expensive. The arrangements of these vehicles should be under the police ; every coach and cab should be examined, at the commencement of the year, as to its appearance outside as well as its cleanliness inside. The horses should be inspected, and if not in fair working condition, and of a certain height, the license should be refused. And there should be a superior class allowed at certain stands, who are entitled to demand a higher fare. This would not only be a boon to the public, but a much greater one to the poor horse, who would not drag out his lengthened misery as he does now. When there was no longer any means of selling a poor brute, to whom death was a release, he would

be put out of his misery. It would also be a great improvement if the Numbers were put inside instead of out, as they are abroad; and if *every* description of vehicle, if well fitted, were licensed.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE Hôtel des Bergues is certainly a splendid establishment; many people winter at this hotel in preference to going to a pension, which is, with the best arrangements, disagreeable, for you are obliged to conform to the usages and customs, and to take your meals at certain hours, hungry or not hungry, as if it were a pension of school-boys and girls, and not grown up people. The price demanded is the same as at the pensions, viz. 200 francs, or 8*l.*, per month, which includes every thing but wine and fuel. The establishment is certainly very well conducted. There is a salon, next to the table d'hôte, large enough to hold 200 people, well warmed and lighted, handsomely carpeted, with piano, books, prints, newspapers, card

tables, &c. Indeed, there is every thing you wish for, and you are all independent of each other. I was there for two or three days, and found it very pleasant; I was amused with a circumstance which occurred. One of the company, a Russian, sat down to the piano, and played and sang. Every one wished to know who he was, and on inquiring, it was a Russian prince. Now a prince is a very great person where princes are scarce, as they are in England, although in Russia, a prince, where princes are plenty as blackberries, is about on a par with an English baronet.

He was a very honest off-hand sort of personage, and certainly gave himself no airs on account of his birth and rank. Nevertheless, the English ladies, who were anxious that he should sing again, made a sort of deputation to him, and begged the honour of his highness favouring them with a song, with every variety of courtesy and genuflexion.

“ Oh yes, to be sure,” replied his highness, who sat down and played for an hour ; and then there was so much thanking, complimentary acknowledgment of condescension on his part, &c., and the ladies appeared so flattered when he spoke to them. The next day it was discovered that a slight mistake had occurred, and that, instead of being a prince, he had only come to Geneva along with a Russian prince, and that the real prince was in his own room up stairs ; upon which not only he fell himself at least 200 per cent., but, what was really too bad, his singing fell also ; and many who had been most loud in his praises began to discover that he was not even a prince of musicians, which he certainly was.

We had a good specimen of the independence and familiarity of Swiss servants on the occasion of this gentleman’s singing ; they came into the salon, and mixed almost with the company that they might listen to him ; and had they

been ordered out, would, in all probability, have refused. An American, with whom I was conversing, observed that in *his* country such conduct on the part of servants, notwithstanding what had been said by English travellers on the subject, would never have been permitted. I have fallen in with some odd characters here.

First, what would be considered a curiosity in England — a clergyman of the Church of England with mustachios! What would the Bishop of London say? — and yet I do not see how, if a clergyman choose to wear them, he could be prevented. He has good authority to quote; Calvin wore them, and so, I believe, did Luther.

Secondly, with a personage who is very peculiarly disorganised when he drinks too much. His wife, a most amiable quiet lady, is the party whose character is attacked. As soon as Mr. — is in his cups, he immediately

fancies that his wife is affected with the liquor, and not himself, and he tells every body in a loud whisper his important secret. “There now, look at Mrs. —, one of the best women in the world; an excellent wife and mother, and at most times as lady-like as you would wish to see: but look at her now — you see she’s quite drunk, poor thing; what a pity, isn’t it, that she cannot get over her unfortunate propensity; but I am afraid it’s no use. I’ve reasoned with her. It’s a sad pity, and a great drawback to my happiness. Well, hang sorrow — it killed a cat. Don’t notice what I’ve told you, and pass the bottle.”

I believe that the English are better acquainted with geography than other nations. I have been astonished at the ignorance on this point I have found in foreigners who otherwise were clever and well-informed men and women. When the Marquis de Claremont Tonnère was appointed to the office of Minister

of the Marine and Colonies, upon the restoration of the Bourbons, a friend of mine had an audience with him, and it was not until a very angry discussion, and a reference to the map, that he could persuade the minister that Martinique was an *island*. However, in this instance we had nearly as great an error committed in our own Colonial office, which imagined that the Dutch settlement of Demerara upon the coast of South America, and which had fallen into our hands, *was* an island; indeed, in the official papers it was spoken of as such. A little before the French Revolution, a princess who lived in Normandy determined upon a visit to her relations in Paris; and having a sister married to a Polish nobleman, she determined to take Poland in her way. To her astonishment, instead of a day or two, her voyage was not completed under four months.

I have heard it often asserted, that you

should not build your house so as to look at a fine prospect out of your windows, but so as to walk to view it at a short distance. This may be true with the finest prospects in other countries, but not so in Switzerland, where the view never palls upon the eye, from the constant changing which occurs in the tinting of the landscape. You may look upon the Lake of Geneva every day, and at no one day, or even portion of the day, is the effect the same. The mountains of Savoy are there, and change not their position; neither does the Lake; but at one time the mountains will appear ten miles nearer to you than they will at another. The changing arising from refraction and reflection is wonderful. Never did I witness any thing finer than the Lake of Geneva at the setting of yesterday's sun. The water was calm and glassy as a mirror, and it reflected in broad patches, like so many islands dispersed over it,

every colour of the rainbow. I cannot attempt to describe it; the effect was heavenly, and all I could say was, with the Mussulman, “God is great!”

CHAP. XXVII.

IN this world we are so jealous of any discovery being made, that innovation is immediately stigmatised as quackery. I say innovation, for improvement is not the term. The attempt to improve is innovation, the success of the experiment makes it an improvement. And yet how are we to improve without experiment? Thus we have quackery in every thing, although not quite so severely visited as it formerly was by the Inquisition, who would have burnt alive him who asserted that the sun did not go round the earth, but the earth round the sun. In medicine, quackery is the most frequently stigmatised. We know but little of the human frame as far as medicine is to act upon it. We know still less of the virtues of various

plants which will effect a cure. We are acquainted with a few, but there are hundreds equally powerful, the properties of which we are ignorant of. Could we add to medical science the knowledge of the African negroes and Indians, which they so carefully conceal from us, our pharmacopœia would be much extended. When metallic medicines were first introduced into general use by a physician, an ancestor of mine, and the wonderful effects of them established by the cures, the whole fraternity was up in arms, and he was decried as a quack; notwithstanding which, the works he wrote have gone through twenty-five editions, and the doses prescribed by him are to this day made use of by the practitioners.

The fact is, that although the surgical knowledge of the day is very perfect, the medical art is still in its infancy. Even the quackeries which fail should not be despised, for they have proved something, although they could

not be perfected. Animal magnetism, for instance; it failed, but still it discovered some peculiar properties, some sympathies of the human body, which may hereafter give a clue to more important results. The great proof of the imperfection of medical science is the constant change made by the profession itself. One medicine is taken into favour, it is well received every where, until the faculty are tired of it, and it sinks into disgrace. Even in my time I have seen many changes of this sort, not only in medicine, but in diet, &c.

What medical men would have thought of prescribing fat bacon for delicate stomachs, twenty years ago? now it is all the vogue. Breakfast bacon sold in every quarter of the metropolis. Either this is quackery, to use their own term, or twenty years ago they were very ignorant, for their patients received positive injunctions to avoid all fat and greasy substances.

Thus do the regular practitioners chop and

change about, groping in the dark ; but the only distinction is, that all changes made by the faculty are orthodox ; but any alteration proposed out of the pale of M. D., is an innovation and a quackery.

That we have every where ignorant men, who are *de facto* quacks, I admit ; but still that term has been as liberally applied to the attempts of scientific and clever persons to improve the art of medicine. Even homœopathy must not be totally rejected until it has had a fair trial. It has one merit in it, at all events, that you take less physic.

I consider the continual appearance of new quacks on the horizon a sure proof of the low state of our medical knowledge. The more so as these quacks, although they kill, do effect very remarkable cures. Do not regular practitioners kill also ? or rather, do not their prescriptions fail ? If a quack cures, they will tell you that it was by mere accident. I suspect

that there is more of accident in the practice than the faculty are ready to admit; and Heaven knows they so change about themselves, that it is clear that they feel no confidence in the little that they do know; and it is because medicine is so imperfect that every half century we have a new quack, as he is termed, rising up, and beating the regular practitioners out of the field. I could tell a story about Morrison's pills which would surprise not a little, and all the parties are now alive to prove it; but instead of that, I will tell another which occurred in France, in which a quack medicine had a most wonderful and unusual effect, for it was the means of the *total destruction of a Banditti*, who had defied the Government of the country for many years. About twenty years ago, I am not sure whether he still lives, there was an irregular practitioner in France of the name of Le Roi. He was, by all accounts, the King of all Empirics, and the

Emperor of all quacks. He was more potent than the sovereign, and the *par l'ordre du Roi* of Government was insignificant, compared to the *par l'ordre du Roi* of this more potent personage. He did not publish his cures in *pamphlets*, but in large *quartos*. I have seen them myself, larger in size than an Ainsworth's dictionary. It so happened that an Englishman, who was afflicted with the *indescribables*, was recommended from every quarter to buy the medicines of Mons. le Roi. He did so, and his unknown complaint was removed. The consequence was, that the Englishman swore by Le Roi; and as he was proceeding on to Spain, he took with him a large supply of the doctor's medicines, that he might be prepared in case his complaint should return. All quack gentlemen take care that their medicines shall be palatable; no unwise precaution. I do not know a better dram than Solomon's Balm of Gilead. Old Solomon,

by the bye, lived near Plymouth, and was very partial to the Navy. He kept an excellent table, and was very hospitable.

I recollect one day after the officers had drunk a very sufficient quantity of his claret and champagne, being a little elevated, they insisted upon Solomon bringing them out some Balm of Gilead as a finish, and they cleared off about two dozen one guinea bottles. The old gentleman made no objection to provide it as often as they called for more, and they separated; but the next day he sent them all their bills in for the said Balm of Gilead, observing, that, although they were welcome to his wine and table, that he must be paid for his medicine. But to proceed.

The Englishman travelled with the king's messenger; most of his baggage had been sent on, but he would not part with his medicine, and this was all in the vehicle with himself. As they passed the Pyrenees they were

stopped by the banditti, who dragged them out of the carriage, after shooting the postilion, and made them lie with their faces on the ground, with guards over them, while they rifled the carriage. They soon came to the packages of medicine, and observing that *Le Roi* was upon all the bottles, and knowing that they had possession of a king's messenger, they imagined that this was some liquor sent as a present to the King of Spain; they tasted it, and found that, like other quack medicines, it was very strong and very good.

Each man took his bottle, drank the king's health, and mirth and revelry took place, until they had consumed all that the Englishman had brought with him. Now there is a great difference between taking a table-spoonful, and six or seven bottles per man, and so it proved, for they had hardly finished the last case before they found that the medicine acted very powerfully as a cathartic; the whole banditti

were simultaneously attacked with a most violent cholera ; they disappeared one by one ; at last the guards could contain themselves no longer, and they went off too. The two prisoners, perceiving this, rose from the ground, mounted the horses and galloped off as fast as they could. They gave notice to the authorities of the first town they arrived at, not four miles distant, and a large body of cavalry were sent out immediately. The effects of the medicine had been so violent that the whole of the banditti were found near to the spot where they had drunk the king's health, in such a state of suffering and exhaustion that they could make no efforts to escape, and were all secured, and eventually hung.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Lausanne.

I RECOLLECT some one saying, that in walking out you should never look up in the air, but always on the ground, as, by the former practice, you were certain never to find any thing, although you might by the latter. So if you will not enter into conversation, you are not likely to obtain much information; whereas if you do, you will always chance to obtain some, even from the quarters the least promising. I was seated on the box of the carriage, with the Swiss *voiturier* — and asked him, “If it were not a lucrative profession?”

“It may appear so to you, sir,” replied he, “from the price paid for the horses, but it is not so. All we gain, is in five months in the

year; the seven months of winter, we have to feed our horses without employment for them, that is, generally speaking."

"But have you no employment for them in the winter?"

"Yes, we put them into the waggons and draw wood and stone, which about pays their expenses. If you are known and trusted, you will be employed to transport wine, which is more profitable; but that *voiturier* who can find sufficient employment for his horses during the winter to pay their keeping, considers himself very fortunate."

"When you do make money, what do you do with it?"

"If we can buy a bit of land we do, but most people, if they can, buy a house, which pays better. I prefer land."

"There is not much territory in Switzerland, and land is not often for sale. Everybody cannot buy land. What do the others do?"

“ Lock the money up in their chests.”

“ But do you never put your money in the foreign funds? ”

“ Yes, the rich do and those who understand it. We have a few very rich people in Switzerland, but, generally speaking, the people do not like to part with their money, and they keep it by them.”

“ I was told by a Frenchman at Basle, that there was a great deal of bullion lying idle in Switzerland?”

“ He told you very true, sir; there is an enormous quantity of it, if collected together. Those are Jews,” continued he, pointing to a *char-à-banc* passing.

“ Have you many of those in Switzerland? I should think not.”

“ No, sir, we do not allow them. One or two families are perhaps permitted in a large town, but no more. We are a small country, and if we were to allow the Jews to settle here,

we should soon have too large a population to support. By their customs, they may marry at any age, and they never go into the field, and work at the plough."

"But may not you marry at any age, and when you please?"

"No, sir; we have good laws in that respect, and it prevents the population increasing too fast. I belong to a commune (parish); if I wish to marry, I must first prove that all my debts are paid, and all my father's debts, and then the commune will permit the Curé to marry me."

"All your father's debts as well as your own?"

"That is to say, all the debts he may have incurred to the commune. Suppose my father had been a poor man and unable to work, the commune would have let him want for nothing; but in supplying him they would have incurred an expense, that must be repaid by his family

before any of the sons are allowed to marry. In the same way, when my father died, although he received no assistance from the commune, he left little or nothing. The commune clothed and educated me till I was able to gain my own livelihood. Since I have done well, I have repaid the debt; I now may marry if I choose."

"But cannot you evade this law?"

"No, sir. Suppose I was at Berne, and wished to marry a woman who belonged to another commune as well as myself. The banns must be published three times in my parish, three times in her parish, and three times at Berne."

"But suppose you married in a foreign country?"

"If a Swiss marries in a foreign country, and has no debts to prevent his marrying, he must write home to the heads of the commune, stating his intention, and his banns will then

be published in the commune, and a license sent him to marry. But if, having debts of your own or your father's, you marry without giving notice, you are then no longer belonging to the commune, and if you come back in distress, you will be conveyed to the confines of the republic, and advised to seek the parish of your wife in her country. If you are out of Switzerland with your wife, every child that you have born you must give notice of by letter to the commune, that it may be properly registered; and, if you omit so doing, those children have no claim on their return."

Such was the result of our conversation, and I repeat it for the benefit of those who occupy themselves with our internal legislation.

I have been searching a long while for liberty, but I can find her nowhere on this earth: let me be allegorical. If all the world are still in love with the name of Liberty, how much more were all the world in love with

the nymph herself when she first made her appearance on earth. Every one would possess her, and every one made the attempt, but Liberty was not to be caught. How was it possible without her destruction? After being harassed all over the world, and finding that she never was allowed to take breath, she once more fled from her pursuers, and, as they seized her garments, with the spring of the chamois she burst away, and, bounding from the world, saved herself in Ether, where she remains to this day. Her dress was, however, left behind, and was carried home in triumph. It is, however, composed of such slippery materials as its former owner, and it escapes as it pleases from one party to another. It is this dress of Liberty which we now reverence as the goddess herself, and whatever is clothed with it for the time receives the same adoration as would have been offered up to the true shrine. Even Despotism, when in a very

modest mood, will clothe herself in the garb of Liberty.

Now there is really a sort of petty despotism in these *free* cantons, which would be considered very offensive in England. What would an English farmer say, if he was told that he could not commence his harvest without the permission of Government? Yet such is the case in Switzerland, where there is a heavy fine if any one commences his vintage before the time prescribed by the authorities. Your grapes may be ripe, and be spoiled; you have to choose between that alternative, or paying a fine which reduces your profits to *nil*. The reason given for this is that there are so many petty proprietors, holding half and quarter acres of vineyards mixed together and not separated by a wall or fence, that if one began first he would rob the vineyard of the other—not arguing much for the Swiss honesty, which has become so proverbial.

The case of the vintage laws is peculiarly hard this season upon the small proprietors. The vintage has been late, and winter has now set in, all at once. After weather like summer, we are now deep in snow, and the thermometer below the freezing point. Few of the small proprietors have wine-presses; they have to wait until those who have them have got in their vintage, and then they borrow them. The consequence is, that the small proprietors are always the last to gather their grapes, and now they have been overtaken by the weather, and they will lose most of their harvest. Had they been permitted to pick their grapes at their own time, they might have used the presses, and have finished before the large vineyards had commenced.

From the inquiries I have made, it appears that the vineyards of Switzerland pay very badly. Land is at a very high price here, in the Canton de Vaud; 300*l.* or 400*l.* per acre

is not thought dear (600*l.* have been given); and in the best seasons a vineyard will not yield 10*l.* per acre. The wine is very indifferent, and requires to be kept for years to become tolerable.

But the Swiss are wedded to their vineyards; and although if they laid down the land in pasture, they would gain twice as much, they prefer the speculation of the winepress, which fails at least three times out of four.

The office of public executioner or Jack Ketch of a canton in Switzerland, as well as in many parts of Germany, is very appropriately endowed. He has a right to all animals who die a natural death, with their skins, hoofs, &c., and this it is said brings in a fair revenue, if attended to. Executions are so uncommon in Switzerland, that Jack Ketch would starve if he was not thus associated with death. When an execution does take place he is well paid; they say the sum he receives is upwards of

twenty pounds; but it must be remembered that he does not hang, he decapitates, and this requires some address: the malefactor is seated in a chair, not laid down with his head on the block.

An execution took place at Berne when I was last in Switzerland; the criminal, after he was seated in the chair, was offered a cup of coffee, and as he was drinking it, the executioner, with one blow of his heavy sword, struck his head clear off; for a second or two the blood flew up like a fountain: the effect was horrid.

An Englishman at Lausanne had a very favourite Newfoundland dog, which died. He was about to bury it, when the executioner interfered and claimed the skin; and it was not until he had submitted to the demands of this official gentleman, that he was permitted to bury his favourite in a whole skin. Only imagine, half a dozen old dowagers of Park Lane, whose puffy lap-dogs were dead in their

laps, bargaining for their darlings with Jack Ketch, because they wish to have them stuffed ; and Jack's extortion raising his demands, in proportion to the value apparently placed upon the defunct favourites. Talking about lap-dogs, one of the best stories relative to these creatures is to be found in Madame de Crequey's Memoirs. A Madame de Blot, a French dandysette, if the term may be used, who considered her own sex as bound to be ethereal, and would pretend that the wing of a lark was more than sufficient for her sustenance during the twenty-four hours, had one of the smallest female spaniels that was ever known. She treated her like a human being, and when she went out to a party, used to desire her lady's maid to read the animal a comedy in five acts, to amuse it during her absence. It so happened that a fat priest, who was anxious for the protection of Madame de Blot, called to pay his respects. Madame de Blot made a

sign to him, without speaking, to take his seat upon a large fauteuil. No sooner had the priest lowered down his heavy carcass into the chair, than he felt something struggling under him, and a little recollection told him that it must be the little spaniel. That it was all over with the spaniel was clear, and that if her mistress had discovered his accident, it was equally clear that it was all over with him, as far as the patronage of Madame de Blot was concerned. The priest showed a remarkable degree of presence of mind upon this trying occasion. He rose himself up a little from his chair and plumped down, so as to give the poor little spaniel her *coup de grace*, and then entered into conversation with Madame de Blot. During the conversation he contrived by degrees to cram the dog, tail and all, into his capacious coat pockets. As soon as it was fairly out of sight, he rose, bade adieu to Madame de Blot, and backed out of the room with as great

respect as if he was in the presence of royalty, much to the satisfaction of Madame de Blot, who was delighted at such homage, and little thought why the good priest would not turn his back to her. The story says, that the Madame de Blot never could find out what had become of her little dog.

CHAP. XXIX.

Lausanne.

WHAT a continual strife there is between literary men ! I can only compare the world of authors to so many rats drowning in a tub, forcing each other down to raise themselves, and keep their own heads above water. And yet they are very respectable, and a very useful body of men, also, in a politico-economical sense of the word, independent of the advantages gained by their labours, by the present and the future ; for their capital is *nothing* except brains, and yet they contrive to find support for themselves and thousands of others. It is strange when we consider how very few, comparatively speaking, are the number of authors, how many people are supported by them.

There are more than a thousand booksellers and publishers in the three kingdoms, all of whom rent more than a thousand houses, paying rent and taxes; support more than a thousand families, and many thousand clerks, as booksellers alone. Then we have to add the paper manufacturers, the varieties of bookbinders, printing-ink manufacturers, iron pens, and goose quills. All of which are subservient to and dependent upon these comparatively few heads.

What a *train* an author has! unfortunately for him it is too long. There are too many dependent upon him, and, like some potentates, the support of his state eats his whole revenue, leaving him nothing but bread and cheese and fame. Some French writer has said “*La littérature est le plus noble des loisirs, mais le dernier de tous les métiers ;*” and so it is, for this one reason, that, according as an author’s wants are cogent, so he is pressed down by the publisher. Authors and publishers are natural enemies,

although they cannot live without each other. If an author is independent of literature, and has a reputation, he bullies the publisher: he is right; he is only revenging the insults contemptuously heaped upon those whom the publishers know to be in their power, and obliged to submit to them. Well, every dog has his day, and the time will come when I and others, having swam too long, shall find younger and fresher competitors, who will, like the rats, climb on our backs, and we shall sink to the bottom of the tub of oblivion. Now, we must drive on with the stream; the world moves on so fast, that there is no stopping. In these times, "Si on n'avance pas, on recule."

How the style of literature changes! Even now I perceive an alteration creeping on, which will last for a time. We are descending to the homely truth of Tenier's pictures.

Every work of fiction now is "sketched from nature;" the palaces, the saloon, all the elegancies

of high life are eschewed, and the middle and vulgar classes are the subjects of the pencil. But this will not last long. It is the satiety of refinement on the part of the public which for a short time renders the change palatable.

I was yesterday informed that a celebrated author wished to be introduced to me. I was ashamed to say that I had never heard his name. The introduction took place, and there was a sort of patronising air on the gentleman's part, which I did not approve of. I therefore told him very frankly that I was not aware of the nature of his literary labours, and requested to know what were his works. He had *abridged* something, and he had written a *commentary* upon another thing! — just the employment fit for some old gentleman who likes still to puddle a little with ink. One could write a commentary upon any thing. One of my children is singing a nursery song, now I'll write a commentary on it in the shape of notes : —

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
 I've been to London to see the new queen.
 Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
 Hunted a titty mouse under the chair.

Now for a commentary:—

This simple nursery rhyme is in the familiar style of question and answer, which is always pleasing; and it is remarkable that two excellent moral lessons are to be found in so few words.

The child who sings it may be supposed to repeat the words without comprehending their full meaning; but although such may be the case, still it is most important that even the rhymes put into the infantine lips should afford an opportunity to those who watch over their welfare to point out to them on a proper occasion the instruction which they contain. In the first line, the term pussy cat may be considered tautological, as pussy and cat both refer to the same animal; but if so, it is allowable, as pussy may be considered as the christian and

cat as the surname of the animal. It is to be presumed that the cat addressed is young, for it evidently was at play, and old cats do not play. Otherwise it would not have been necessary to repeat her name, to call her attention to the question. The cat answers in few words, as if not wishing to be interrupted, that she has been to London to see the new queen. What queen of England may be referred to, it is impossible to positively ascertain; but as she says the new queen, we have a right to suppose that it must refer to the accession of a queen to the throne of England. We have here to choose between three, — Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne; and for many reasons, particularly as the two last were married, we are inclined to give the preference to the first, the word *new* having, for the sake of the metre, been substituted for virgin. Certain it is that a married woman cannot be considered as *new*, although she may not be old. We therefore adhere to our supposition that this rhyme was composed at the

accession of the great Elizabeth. And here we may observe, that the old adage "that a cat may look at the king" is fully corroborated, for pussy says expressly that she has been to see the new queen, pointing out, that as the sun shines upon all alike, so the sun of royalty, in a well-administered government, will equally dispense its smiles upon all who approach to bask in them; and that even a cat is not considered as unworthy to look upon that gracious majesty who feels that it is called to rule over so many millions, for the purpose of making them happy.

It would appear as if the cat continued to play with her ball, or whatever else might have been its amusements, after having answered the first question; for, on the second question being put, her attention is obliged to be again roused by the repetition of her name. She is asked what she did there, and the reply is, that she hunted a titty mouse under the chair. There

is a wonderful effect in this last line, which fully gives us at once the nature and disposition of the cat, and a very excellent moral lesson. The cat calls the mouse a *titty* mouse, a term of endearment applied to the very animal that she was putting in bodily fear. It is well known how cats will play with a mouse in the most graceful way; you would almost imagine, from the manner in which it is tossed so lightly and so elegantly, allowed to escape and then caught again, that it was playing with it in all amity, instead of prolonging its miseries and torturing it, previously to its ultimate destruction.

It is in reference to this peculiar character of the cat, that she is made to use the fond diminutive appellation of *titty* mouse.

The moral contained in this last line hardly needs to be pointed out to our intelligent readers. A cat goes to court, she enters the precincts of a palace, at last she is in the presence of royalty, not as usual in the kitchen, or

the cellar, or the attics, or on the roofs, where cats do most congregate, but actually stands in the presence of royalty; and what does she do? Notwithstanding the awe which it may be naturally supposed she is inspired with, notwithstanding the probable presence of noble lords and ladies, forgetful of where she is, and in whose presence she stands, seeing a mouse under the chair, she can no longer control the powerful instincts of her nature; and forgetting that the object of her journey was to behold royalty, she no longer thinks of any thing but hunting the titty mouse under the chair. What a lesson is here taught to the juvenile sexes that we should never attempt to force ourselves above our proper situations in society, and that in so doing we soon prove how much we are out of our place, and how our former habits and pursuits will remain with us, and render us wholly unfit for a position to which we ought never to have aspired.

CHAP. XXX.

Lausanne.

AFTER all, there is more sympathy in this world than we would suppose, and it is something to find that, in the turmoil and angry war of opinion and interest, nations as well as parties can lay down their weapons for a time, and offer one general and sincere tribute to genius. In these exciting times, we hear of revolutions in Spain and Portugal, deaths of crowned men, with indifference, but a shock as astounding as that of an earthquake in the city of Peru was felt throughout Europe when the numerous periodicals spread the unexpected intelligence that the gifted Malibran was no more, that, in the fulness of her talent and her beauty, just commencing the harvest ripe and

abundant, produced by years of unremitting labour, in which art had to perfect nature, she had been called away to the silent tomb, and that voice which has electrified so many thousands was mute for ever. Poor Malibran ! she had had but a niggard portion of happiness in this world, although she procured so much pleasure to others. A brutal father, from whom she received but blows, who sold her to a dotard, who would have sold her again would she have consented ! until her late marriage, toiling for others, without one object in the world on whom to throw her warm affections. I remember one day when we were talking of sea-sickness, I observed that the best remedy was beating the sufferer : she shook her head.

“No,” said she “that will not cure it, or surely I should have been cured when I crossed the Atlantic with my father.”

Those who knew Malibran only as a performer did not know enough of her ; they should

have known her in society, and in domestic life. She was the *ne plus ultra* of genius in a woman ; one moment all sunshine, the next a cloud would come over her expressive features ; changeable as the wind, but in every change delightful, for she never disguised a thought. Six weeks — but six short weeks, and I saw her at Brussels at her country house, whither she had retired after the fatigues of the season. How impressive must be her death. Had she sickened and died at Brussels, the shock would have been great, for it is a shock when youth, beauty, and talent are so suddenly mowed down ; but she died, as it were, on the stage. Admiring and applauding thousands had been listening to her magical powers, thousands more waiting to hear her at the other festivals ; all eyes were upon her, all expectation upon tiptoe, when death, like a matador, comes in, strikes his victim, bows sarcastically to the audience, and retires. A thousand

sermons, and ten thousand common deaths could not have produced so effective a moral lesson as the untimely fate of Malibran. There is but one parallel to it, and the effect of it was tremendous. It was that of Mr. Huskisson, on the opening of the Manchester railroad. This is the second homily read to the good people of Liverpool and Manchester. Peace be with her, although her body is not permitted to be at rest.

The more I see of the Swiss and Switzerland, the more is my opinion confirmed as to the strongest feature in the national character being that of avarice. The country is poetry, but the inhabitants are the prose of human existence. Not a chalet but looks as the abode of innocence and peace; but whether you scale the beetling rock, or pause upon the verdant turf which encircles their picturesque habitations, the demon appears like Satan in the garden of Eden. The infant, radiant as love,

extends its little hand for money ; the adult, with his keen grey eye, searches into you to ascertain in what manner he may overreach you. Avarice rules over the beautiful country of Helvetia.

The prevailing foible of a nation is generally to be found in the proverbs of the country and of those adjacent. The Genevese appear to have the credit of excelling the Swiss generally : they say here, “Il faut trois Juifs pour faire un Baslois, et trois Baslois pour faire un Gènevois.”

Again : —

“Si un Gènevois se jette par la fenêtre, suivez le ? Il y aura pour gagner.”

It was, however, a very neat answer given by a Swiss to a Frenchman, who asserted that the French fought for honour, and the Swiss for money.

“C’est vrai,” replied the Swiss, “chacun se bat pour cela que lui manque.”

The Swiss have abolished titles, they have crushed their nobility; but human nature will prevail; and they seek distinction by other channels; every one who has the least pretension to education or birth looks out for employment under government; and you can hardly meet with a well-dressed person in the streets who is not a magistrate, inspector, *directeur*, or *employé* in some way or the other, although the emoluments are little or nothing. The question has been brought forward as to trial by jury being introduced, and, strange to say, the majority are opposed to it as not being suitable to the Swiss. The reason they give is, that as all respectable people hold offices under government, and are thereby excused from serving, that there will be nobody but the lower classes to sit as jurors. It is very difficult to obtain evidence in a Swiss court of justice; and this arises from the dislike of the Swiss to give evidence; as, by so doing, they may make enemies,

and their own interests may be injured. This is completely the character of the Swiss. When I visited Switzerland in my younger days, I used my eyes only, and I was delighted; now that I visit it again, when years have made me reflect and inquire more, I am disappointed. The charm is dissolved, the land of liberty appears to me to be a land of petty tyranny in the government, and of extreme selfishness in the individuals; even the much-vaunted fidelity of the Swiss seems not to have arisen from any other than mercenary motives. Indeed, there is something radically wrong — however faithful they may be to their employers, or however they may be brave and talented — in the hearts of those who volunteer for hire and pay to kill their fellow creatures. I could not put my trust in such men in private life, although I would in the service for which they have hired themselves.

Do the faults of this people arise from the

peculiarity of their constitutions, or from the nature of their government? To ascertain this, one must compare them with those who live under similar institutions.

I must go to America, that's decided.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN THREE VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXXII.

Vol. I.

CHAP. I.

THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

AND THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND

IN THE YEAR 1660

AND THE

REIGN OF KING JAMES THE SECOND

IN THE YEAR 1685

AND THE

REIGN OF KING WILLIAM THE THIRD

IN THE YEAR 1689

AND THE

REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1714

AND THE

REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND

IN THE YEAR 1727

AND THE

REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD

IN THE YEAR 1760

THE MONK OF SEVILLE :

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANSELMO DON GASPER, *A monk disguised as a cavalier.*

DON FELIX, *A Spanish nobleman.*

DON PEREZ, *Do.*

SUPERIOUR *of the monastery.*

ANTONIO, *Servant to Don Gasper.*

MANUEL, *A monk.*

JACOBO, *Porter to the monastery.*

SANCHO, *Servant to Don Perez.*

DONNA INEZ, *A noble lady.*

ISIDORA, *Her niece.*

DONNA SERAFINA.

BEPPA,	} <i>both wives of</i>	} <i>Servant to Serafina.</i>
NINA,		
	<i>Antonio</i>	<i>Do. to Isidora.</i>

Monks, Choristers, Attendants, &c.

Scene laid in Seville.

THE MONK OF SEVILLE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter DON FELIX and DON PEREZ.

FELIX. You say his name's Don Gasper?

PEREZ. So he styles himself; but of what house, parentage, or country, cannot be gained. He keeps aloof from all, bears himself gallantly; and 'tis manifest that any question discourteously put he'd answer with his sword.

FELIX. He's skill'd in fence, then?

PEREZ. There's none to match him. I, who have foiled half Seville, am but a scholar in his hands, when at the school we've joined the assault in courtesy.

FELIX. A proper man?

PEREZ. Beyond comparison. He hath all the

stamp of true nobility. Pride in his eye; in his address, dignified; in modes most perfect; the most envied of the men, and the most admired by all the dames of Seville.

FELIX. Successful, then?

PEREZ. He confides in none; and hath no intimate; but I am informed he is resistless, and I much suspect, my rival.

FELIX. With the Donna Serafina?

PEREZ. Even so; she has changed much of late; and I have discovered that one, who, from report, answers to his description, is highly favoured.

FELIX. But, Perez, did you not tell me you had left her?

PEREZ. In faith I had; but when I discovered that another sought her, my passion then returned; and now that she rejects me, I dote upon her more than ever.

FELIX. Perez, when will you be wise? when will you cease to trifle with the sex?

PEREZ. Never, I hope: women are my game;

and I live but on the chase. Sighs, oaths, and amorous ditties are my ammunition; my guitar is my fowling-piece, and you must acknowledge that I seldom miss my aim.

FELIX. I grant it, Perez, but it's cruel sport, and quite unworthy of a cavalier. How many wounded birds have hid themselves to die!

PEREZ. Poor things — why did they not keep out of shot range? It's useless to preach, Felix, I must have my amusement.

FELIX. Be careful, Perez, that it prove not dangerous; there is no honour gained by broken vows, false oaths, and tampering with maidens' hearts. It is a fault in you I would were mended; and our relationship makes me thus free to speak my mind. It is unworthy of you.

PEREZ. But sufficing good for women — they are but playthings; and thus far am I renegade, that, with the prophet, I cannot allow them souls.

FELIX. You are incorrigible. Change the discourse, or I shall lose my temper and that opinion

of you, which, 'gainst my better sense, I fain would keep. Our subject was Don Gasper.

PEREZ. Yes — and my object is to find out who he is, and, if basely born, to hunt him out of Seville.

FELIX. That there's mystery is evident; but when you hunt, see if such quarry, good Perez, turn not to bay. But new in Seville, I ne'er have encountered this prodigy; if his rank be mere assumption, he must be exposed; yet, Perez, there may be many causes for an incognito. Our Spain is wide and well peopled with those who boast high ancestry.

PEREZ. If then so wide, there's room for him elsewhere. But here comes Sancho with intelligence.

(*Enter* SANCHO.)

How now, Sancho, — what have you discovered?

SAN. (*Affectedly.*) I am not quite a fool, Santa Petronila knows that, good sirs, — not quite a fool. I think you are fortunate in your servant. You'll

excuse me, but I have seen the person whom you mentioned.

PEREZ. Well —

SAN. I have seen him, sir, by Saint Petronila !

PEREZ. And spoke to him, I trust.

SAN. Yes, sir, and, by the same holy saint ! I have spoken to him.

PEREZ. To what purpose have you spoken to this Antonio ?

SAN. To *your* purpose, sir.

PEREZ. What did he tell you ? I cry your patience, Felix, but this mule cannot be driven. What did he tell you, sirrah ?

SAN. You do not know what first I said to *him*, — would you have the answer before the question ?

PEREZ. Well, what said you first to him ?

SAN. With all good courtesy I wished him a good morning. He did the same to me.

PEREZ. Well.

SAN. I then discoursed about Saint Petronila, the

wind, the pope, and the weather. No, I recollect, it was the weather before the saint. I think—yes — I am sure it was; how the saint brought in the wine, I know not; but we proceeded on to wine and women, which last discourse made us thirsty, so we adjourned into a wine-house. Saint Petronila shrive me ! when we became most intimate, and after much beating about the bush, I discovered that his master was ——

PEREZ. Who — what ?

SAN. Don Gasper, sir.

PEREZ. Idiot ! is that all ?

SAN. No, — only half; I found out more without him. He finished off his wine and left me without any more information, declaring that was all he knew himself; and that he had to meet a lady. Let me alone for finding out, Saint Petronila be my guide ! I watched him, and as I turned the corner, found him in close whispering with the Señora Beppa.

PEREZ. The attendant of Donna Serafina ; then

are my doubts confirmed. Treacherous sex! — but I'll be revenged! Did you speak to them?

SAN. Not when Antonio was there. I never interfere between man and wife, the blessed saint knows that.

PEREZ. His wife!

SAN. Yes, his wife; but when Antonio quitted her, I then accosted her; and to my cross questions —

PEREZ. She gave you crooked answers.

SAN. Precisely so, signor, and record it, Saint Petronila; she said that I was a fool!

PEREZ. The wisdom of the woman! Come, Felix. — Sancho, you will go home and await my return.

[*Exit PEREZ and FELIX.*]

SAN. That Antonio is a good fellow, Saint Petronila assist him! how he does make me laugh! we were sworn friends in two hours; and he promised to drink with me whenever I pleased: I wonder why he never offers to pay his share of the reckoning? He thinks it would affront me, I sup-

pose ! but when we are more intimate, I'll hint the contrary. Excellent fellow ! how he did make me laugh ! Then when next we meet, I'll ask his advice about my love affair ! I am sadly in want of a confidant ; now I've only my own wit, and the good saint. He's a man you may trust, I'll be sworn. Lord ! how he did make me laugh !

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Street opposite ANSELMO's lodgings.

Enter ANTONIO.

Well, I'm supposed to have as much wit as my neighbours, and yet I cannot make out this master of mine. He's a perfect mystery, and the more I try to unriddle him, the more he riddles me. If I am deep, he is deeper. In short, I am no match for him, and thus I prove it. In the first place, he finds out everything I would conceal, and conceals everything I would find out. Secondly, he reads

all my thoughts, and takes care that I shall read none of his. Then he disappears when I turn my back, and re-appears before I turn my face. He has discovered that I am a rogue, yet retains me in his service. His chamber is always locked when he goes out, and I am obliged to wait below upon board wages. There's some mystery about that chamber. I have watched repeatedly on the staircase to see him enter, but never can; and when I would swear that he is not in, it is I only who am out; for I am summoned to his presence. There's mystery! When he does appear, who is he? Don Gaspar; but of what family, and from what part of Spain, no one can tell. Mystery upon mystery! He may be the devil, and I feel my conscience touched; for no good ever came from the devil's wages. I'll to my confessor, and seek his counsel. He's a good man, and lenient too, to such poor rogues as I. But he insists that I appear each se'nnight, and sum the catalogue of my offences: perhaps he's right; for if I staid longer away, *some* of them — as I am no

scholar, — say half — would be forgotten. [*Enter NINA veiled, who passed by him, and exit.*] There's a nice girl ! What a foot and ancle ! Now had my master seen her, there had been a job for me to dog her home. We lacqueys are like sporting dogs ; we follow up the game, and when they stop their running, make a dead point, until our masters bag them for themselves. [*NINA returns. Enter.*] She's coming back. This time I'll poach a little for myself. Fair lady, can I serve you ? [*NINA stops, but turns away. ANTONIO kneels.*]

“ Turn not away, fair angel, for since last
You bless'd my eyes, my thoughts have been on
you ;

For weeks I've follow'd, not daring to address you.
As I'm a bachelor, and free to wed,
Might I your favour gain, a life of tenderness,
To you, my love, I'd tender.”

(*Aside.*) I borrow'd that speech, excepting the last flourish, from my master : but since he has used it like his cast-off clothes, 'tis mine by custom. (*Aloud.*)

Will you not answer? I love you, madam, have loved you long; and, by my soul! ne'er said so much before to any woman breathing. (NINA turns round and lifts her veil, ANTONIO turns away.) (*Aside.*) By all that's intolerable, my Toledo wife! (*Turning to her.*) Holy Saint Frances! It is, it is my wife!

NINA. Yes, sir, your injured, your deserted wife!

ANT. And are you still alive? then I am once more happy! (*Offers to embrace her.*)

NINA. Forbear! When was I dead, you wretch?

ANT. Why, Nina, I've a letter from Toledo, that states that you are dead; you died a treble death, yourself and twins.

NINA. What?

ANT. Twins, my love, sweet pledges of affection. I've the letter in my pocket; I've kept it there for months, pored over it for weeks, and cried over it for days. (*Fumbles in his pocket.*) Now I recollect it is in the pocket of my gala suit. What an infamous forgery! Come to my arms, my dear lamented, but now recovered wife!

NINA. Keep off, you wretch ! What did you say just now ? “ I’ve loved you long, and ne’er have said so much to any woman breathing.”

ANT. Well, my love, no more I had, except to yourself ; and you I thought were dead. Why, my dearest Nina, it is a proof of my constancy. When I first saw you, I said to myself “ that is the only woman I ever saw with a foot and ankle so pretty as my Nina’s ; ” and the more I looked at you, the more your sweet figure reminded me of yourself. In fact, it was your likeness to yourself that created the first emotion in my widowed heart. Had I fallen in love with anybody else, my dearest Nina, you might have cause for anger ; but I assert, to fall in love with my own wife proves me a paragon of fidelity.

NINA. O, Lopez, could I but believe you !

[ANTONIO *turns away and takes out his handkerchief.*] (*Aside.*) As my master says (*turning to NINA*), “ Lay bare my heart, my Nina, read each thought, And there your image, deeply graven, find.”

[*She turns away. He pretends to be much affected ; at last she embraces him.*]

ANT. (*aside*). Into her arms and out of that scrape, thank my wits! (*Aloud.*) And now, my love, how long have you resided in this city?

NINA. But a few days. I serve the Donna Isidora. I was left behind in sickness, at their country seat, some time ago, and but now have joined her. Where have you been, my dear Lopez?

ANT. Wandering about everywhere and anywhere, a lost man, since I heard of your loss;—yes, a miserable man. But of that hereafter. What seek you now?

NINA. The lacquey of Don Gaspar, called Antonio;—can you assist me, as I am in haste?

ANT. Why yes, I think I can. Behold him here; I am that same Antonio, and, for my sins, Don Gaspar's lacquey.

NINA (*walking away angrily*). It was convenient, perhaps, for you to change your name. You are Antonio, indeed!

ANT. No, my dear wife; but it made me feel more happy (*placing his arm round her waist*). You used

to call me Lopez; dearest Lopez; and when I thought you dead, the very name, when summoned by my masters, reminded me of your dear self. I could not bear it; so I changed my name.

NINA. Dear Lopez! And do you really tell the truth? [ANTONIO *kisses her.*]

Enter BEPPA.

ANT. By this kiss I do!

BEP. (*aside*). So, so, good husband! I have long suspected this. I'll watch your motions.

NINA. Well then, dear Lopez, you must give this letter to your master. He must not fail to-night. When shall I see you?

ANT. This night, if possible, there shall be more than one love-tale, my Nina. [Exit NINA.]

[BEPPA, *who has gradually advanced, boxes ANTONIO'S ears.*

BEP. "There shall be more than one love-tale, my Nina." And this hand shall tell another tale (*striking again*), thou base villain!

ANT. (*escaping from her, rubbing his ears*). O Lord ! for tail read head. (*Aside.*) This it is to have two wives. (*Aloud.*) Why, Beppa, are you mad ? How can I help it ?

BEP. How can you help it !

ANT. Yes, how can I help it ? I must obey my orders.

BEP. Obey your orders !

ANT. Yes, obey my orders, or lose my place. My master, who is amusing himself with a young lady, says to me, " Antonio, that servant girl hangs about much in my way, you must make love to her."

BEP. Make love to her !

ANT. Yes, make love to her. " I'll be hanged if I do," says I, thinking of my own sweet little Beppa. " Then you will be starved if you don't," said he. And as I found that he did not mean to be in earnest, I thought that there could be no harm in a little by-play.

BEP. By-play !

ANT. Yes, by-play. Well, I refused long, for it

went against my conscience. Then he took this purse of ten moidores, and said, "Refuse me, and quit my service. Consent, and take this purse; the money will support your wife."

BEP. (*snatching the purse*). Now, am I to believe this?

ANT. Believe it! why, have you not the proofs? How should I possess ten moidores? Money is not to be had for nothing now-a-days. I meant to have told you all, but have not seen you since.

BEP. She called you Lopez?

ANT. She did. I would not give my name. No other shall call me "Dear Antonio," excepting my own true lawful wife!

BEP. (*turning away with indifference, and putting the purse in her pocket*). Well, allowing all this to be true, and that's of no great importance, what a villain is your master, sir, to pay his court unto another, when he vows fidelity to my mistress, Donna Serafina!

ANT. Upon my honour, I've enough to do to

defend myself; though I must confess that his conduct is infamous.

BEP. I'll to my mistress, and make known his treachery? [*Exit.*

ANT. Do no such thing! Bad news, though true, is never paid for; but the purse opens when the tidings please, although they're false as —— (*points down below*). What's your message?

BEP. My mistress dies to see him.

ANT. Tell her he'll come to-morrow evening. He said as much when last I saw him.

BEP. When last you saw him! Is he not here?

ANT. He's here, and there, and everywhere, and nowhere.

BEP. Where is he now?

ANT. That I don't know; but not here, that's certain.

[*Window opens, GASPAR calls loudly from within window —*

GASP. Antonio!

ANT. Santa Maria! Yes, sir.

GASP. Go to Castanos, and see if my guitar be strung.

ANT. Now, how did he get there? Beppa, I must off. Remember my advice!

BEP. (*scornfully*). I will. Good by, Mr. By-Play.

[*Exit* BEPPA.

ANT. (*looking up*). How the devil did he get there, if not by the help of the devil! For it was not by the help of the door, I'll swear. To-morrow I'll confess—that's certain.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

SCENE III.

Moonlight.—*A garden belonging to the house of* DONNA

INEZ.—*A balcony looking into the garden.*—DONNA

ISIDORA and NINA *discovered on balcony.*

ISID. He comes not yet.

NINA. Señora, 'tis not time.

ISID. 'Tis more than time; I heard the convent
bell

Strike long ago.

NINA. 'Twas not the hour of night, but the sad
toll

Announcing some high obsequy.

ISID. Yet, still, 'tis time he came.

NINA. And here he would have been, but you
forget

You chided him for venturing so early.

Your aunt had not retired when last he came.

ISID. He does not wish to come,—I will not see
him. Tell him my resolution.

[*Exit, petulantly, NINA following.*]

Enter GASPAR, in the dress of a cavalier.

I overheard her vented thoughts, poor girl !

She counts the minutes by her throbbing heart,
And that beats time too fast.

Now will she hang her head, and weep awhile.

Like flow'rets waiting for the morning sun,

That raise their mournful heads at his approach,

And every dew-drop, like a diamond, glistens,

While they exhale sweet perfume in their joy,—

So at our meeting, smiling through her tears,
Will she appear more fresh and beautiful !

[*Re-enter ISIDORA and NINA. As they appear,*
GASPAR retires.

ISID. The moon's so bright, that faintly you discover
cover

The little stars which stud th' unclouded heav'n ;
The wind but scarcely moves the trembling aspen,
And not a sound breaks through the still of night.
All Nature's hush'd ; and every passion lull'd,
Save love, or fierce revenge. Is this a night
To stay away, false, yet loved Don Gaspar ?

NINA. Be patient, lady, he will soon be here.

ISID. He cannot sure be false.

Perchance some danger hangs upon his steps ;
Men are so envious of the fair and good.

NINA. (*looking*). Señora, look ; I see him in the
distance.

ISID. He comes ! Where, Nina ? O yes ! that is he.
Well, now, I'll tease him. Nina, quickly in ;
I vow I will not show myself this night.

[*Exit ISIDORA.*

NINA. I wish I had ten ducats on the hazard.

[*Exit* NINA.]

[GASPAR *sings to his guitar, without.*

SONG (*mournful strain*).

“ The mocking moon doth coldly fling
Her rays upon my breast of flame,
And echo mocks me as I sing.

O my guitar ! to thee what shame !
She answers not, though thy best string
Is loudly hymning forth her name.

Isidora ! Isidora ! ”

[ISIDORA *appears at the balcony.*

(*A livelier strain.*)

“ No more the moon doth mock me now ;
Her bright rays glad my breast of flame,
And echo, beautiful art thou !
O my guitar ! to thee no shame !
She comes ! love throned upon her brow !
My strings hymn forth once more her name !

Isidora ! Isidora ! ”

Enter GASPAR, *who approaches balcony.*

ISID. Why hast thou staid so late ? Did but the
moon

Turn on my anxious features her soft rays,
Thou wouldst perceive how fretfulness and tears
Have doubled every minute of thine absence.

GASP. And would 'twere day, that thou, sweet
love, mightst see

The fervid passion stamp'd upon my brow.
I dared not disobey thy late command;
Yet, did I fret, and champ the bit of duty,
Like some proud battle steed arching his neck,
Spurning the earth, impatient for the fray.
So my young heart throbs with its new delight,
That it e'en now would burst its cords asunder,
And make one joyous bound into thy bosom.

ISID. Say, Gaspar, dost thou fondly, truly, love me ?

GASP. Do I love thee, Isidora ?

If it were not for thee, sweet love,
The world would be a blank, and this existence
A dreary void, I would not stumble through ;
But having thee, a paradise it is,
So full of perfumed airs and flow'rets sweet,

I would resist the angel's flaming sword,
If it were raised between our plighted loves,
Ere I would be from thy loved presence thrust.
Thou art the heav'n of my idolatry !

For thee I live and move, — for thee I breathe ;
For thee and for thy love, if thou knew'st all —

ISID. I would know all — there's mystery about
thee !

Gaspar, thine image here's so deeply graven,
That nought can e'er efface it. Trust me, then, love,
As I would thee. There's not a thought I own,
No, not a fond emotion of my soul, —
Not e'en the slightest ripple o'er the mind,
When calm and pensive as it used to be,
But I would tell it thee.

O couldst thou view my heart, and see thyself
So firmly master of its deep recesses,
Thou wouldst be confident.

If thou shouldst be ignoble, fear not me,
Love shall draw out thy patent of descent,
And trace thy ancestry to more than mortal.

If thou hast hated, and hast found revenge,
Yet fear not me, dear Gaspar.

Whate'er priests say, it is a noble passion,
And holds an empire in the heart of man,
Equal in strength and dignity with love.

Be it a tale of sorrow or of crime,
(O say 'tis not the last !) still let me share it,
That I may comfort thee whene'er we meet,
And mourn it only when I grieve thine absence.

GASP. My Isidora, oft thou'st press'd me thus ;
Since thou wilt hear it, then, it shall be told ;
But one sad chance, most fatal to us both,
Is fetter'd to it.

ISID. And what is that, my Gaspar ?

GASP. That once reveal'd, we ne'er may meet
again.

ISID. Then I'll not hear't. Away with prying
thoughts

So fraught with mischief ! Not to see thee more !
Then might the angel pour the vial out,
That vial of fierce wrath which is to quench

The sun, the moon, the host of stars, in blood !
Not see thee more ! then may they work my shroud,
And cull the flowers to strew my maiden corse.
Without thee, Gaspar, I should surely die !
Wert thou the ruler of the universe,
Commanding all, I could not love thee more !
Wert thou a branded slave from bondage 'scap'd,—
'Tis now too late, — I could not love thee less !

GASP. (*aside*). One soul so pure redeems a world
of sin !

Thou Heav'n that I have mock'd, O hear me now,
And spare ! let her not feel the bitter pangs
Of disappointed love ! Draw the barb gently,
That she may sigh her soul away, and sleep
Throughout her passage to a better world !

ISID. What say'st thou, Gaspar !

GASP. I call'd down blessings, loveliest, on thy
head.

Heav'n grant my prayers !

ISID. I, too, have pray'd for thee, and will again !
But speak to me. Why didst thou come so late ?

How short, methinks, are nights. There's hardly
time

For those who've toil'd, to gain their needful rest,—
For those who wake, to whisper half their love.

GASP. Night is our day, and day becomes our
night;

Love changes all, o'er nature rules supreme;
Alters her seasons, mocks her wisest laws,
And, like the prophet, checks the planet's course.
But from this world of hate, the night has fled,
And I must hie me hence. O Isidora!
Though my seeming's doubtful, yet remember,
'Tis true as Heaven, I love thee!

ISID. I'm sure thou dost, and feeling thus assured,
I am content.

Enter NINA, hastily, from balcony.

NINA. Madam, the lady Inez pass'd your door,
And, passing, tried the bolt, e'en now I hear
Her footsteps in the corridor.

ISID. We must away, dear Gaspar. Fare thee well !

Nina shall tell thee when we next can meet.

[*Exit ISIDORA and NINA at balcony.*]

GASP. So parts the miser from his hoarded wealth,
And eyes the casket when the keys are turn'd.

I must away.

The world e'en now awakes, and the wan moon
(Like some tired sentinel, his vigil o'er)

Sinks down beneath yon trees. The morning mist
Already seeks the skies, ascending straight,
Like infant's prayers, or souls of holy martyrs.

I must away.

The world will not revolve another hour,
Ere hives of men will pour their millions forth,
To seek their food by labour, or supply
Their wants by plunder, flattery, or deceit.

Avarice again will count the dream'd-of hoards,
Envy and Rancour stab, whilst sobbing Charity
Will bind the fest'ring wounds that they have giv'n.
The world of sin and selfishness awakes

Once more, to swell its catalogue of crime,
So monstrous that it wearies patient Heav'n.
I must away. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The street before ANSELMO's lodgings.

Enter ANTONIO.

If ever fortune played me a jade's trick, 'twas when she brought my wives to Seville. So far have I contrived to keep them separate; but should they meet, they'll talk; and then, woe to that most interesting of all subjects, myself! I am sure to be discovered. Why, in half an hour, their rapid tongues would range o'er half the creation. Now, Beppa is my first wife, and, like all other first choices, the worst. There's vengeance in her, and she'll apply to the authorities; then must I to the galleys. Who wants a

wife? I have one — aye two — to dispose of. Here comes a fool I trifle with. (*Enter SANCHO.*) So, comrade, what's your business now? (*Mimicking him.*) Saint Petronila! you are a faithful servant, ever stirring to do your master's pleasure.

SAN. 'Tis not his pleasure that I am upon — it is my own: I go to Donna Isidora's.

ANT. What dost thou there?

SAN. (*affectedly*). I please a damsel, and she pleases me.

ANT. I do not wonder at it. Barring a certain too intelligent look that thou hast, thou art a pretty fellow, and made to charm the ladies. Who is this damsel of your choice?

SAN. You'll keep my secret?

ANT. As faithfully as I do all others.

SAN. It is the maid of Donna Isidora. I knew her at Toledo, and for years kept her company. During my absence, — Saint Petronila strike him with the leprosy! — a certain Lopez, a dirty, shuffling, addlepated knave, stepped in between us, and married her.

She took the poor fool purely through pique, because I did not write to her ; and the holy saint knows I had not then learned.

ANT. (*aside*). Now would I beat his pate, but that I think the fool may assist me out of my difficulties. (*Aloud.*) What ! love a married woman ! For shame, Sancho ! I had thought better of you.

SAN. I loved her years before she married ; and since the marriage, her husband has deserted her, and I have met her often. Nina, for that's her name, has often told me how much she repented of her marriage with the fellow ; and could I prove that he were dead, she'd marry me, Saint Petronila directing her, and make a wiser choice in second wedlock.

ANT. (*aside*). The cockatrice. (*Aloud.*) Sancho, I knew this Lopez. He is not quite the person you describe ; but never mind. Yesterday, he came to Seville, and told me how much surprised he was to find his wife here.

SAN. Then he's come back. Saint Petronila aid me ! how unfortunate !

ANT. (*musings aside*). I have it ! (*Aloud*) Sancho, we have ever been the best of friends. I respect you much. I have most joyful tidings for you, and, if you will be counselled by me, Nina is yours.

SAN. Indeed ! I can't see how. I think I had a better chance before.

ANT. Tut, man ! you've now a certainty. Sancho, your ear — Lopez is *dead* !

SAN. The scoundrel dead ! My dear Antonio (*embracing him*), I thank you for the news, and so will Nina too. But can you prove it ?

ANT. I can, but in strict confidence. Pledge me your word you never will divulge, not even to Nina, what I now confide ; for the women have the power to sap the stoutest resolution. Swear on your knees.

SAN. (*kneeling*). I swear by Petronila, my adopted saint.

ANT. Well, then, this Lopez was a noisy braggadocio. Last night we had some words whilst waiting near the gate of Donna Serafina. From

words we came to weapons, and, by a lucky thrust, I sent his prying soul the devil knows where. His body I secreted in the garden.

SAN. I envy you. Would he were alive again, that I might kill him too, my guardian saint assisting ! I should be the better welcome.

ANT. Indeed !

SAN. Not that it matters ; I am convinced she loves me well. I'll to her straight, and with these welcome tidings make her right happy.

ANT. Not quite so fast. When that you tell her, she will ask for proofs, and from whence you had your information.

SAN. Why, that is true ; and she'll never rest till she worms the secret from me : Saint Petronila, lock my breast !

ANT. Therefore, Sancho, it must appear as if there was no secret. Tell her 'twas by your hand that Lopez fell ; I am content that you shall have with her all the credit of the deed. She'll love you better.

SAN. Why, so she will. My dear Antonio, you are like my holy saint, a friend indeed !

ANT. If she doubts the fact, you'll come to me. I'll give you proofs most positive.

SAN. Thanks — thanks !

ANT. Now take advice. Women, like eels, are rather slippery ; already she has once slipped through your fingers. Their minds are weathercocks, and there's wind always blowing. Press her, then, hard, and marry her at once.

SAN. I will, I will. Thanks, dear Antonio ! — Saint Petronila will reward you.

ANT. I risk much to serve you. You'll meet me here to-night. I must now to confess this heavy deed. You'll come.

SAN. I will — addio ! [*Exit.*

ANT. So, so the fondling, ever coaxing Nina
Loves this soft fool, and wishes I were dead.
I did think better of her.

We men deceive, 'tis true ; but still no longer
Keep on the mask, when we've our purpose gain'd.

With us 'tis tiresome; but with the women,
'Tis ne'er removed; for mask'd they live and die!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Monastery.

GASPAR, *as* ANSELMO, *enters with* JACOBO.

JAC. Twice hath the brother Manuel sought for
you;

He came from the Superior.

GASP. You told him I was absent?

JAC. I did, and also where you might be found.
They sent a messenger, who soon return'd,
Declaring there thou hadst not been to-day.

GASP. Truly, I had forgotten 'twas the day
That I with Don Baltasar did appoint.

'Twas thus my treach'rous memory did beget

This chapter of cross purposes. [Bell without.

JAC. Some one rings.

That jingling bell pursues me unto death;

In faith, this porter's is a tedious office. [Exit.

GASP. More tedious still the wearing of the knees
Upon this pavement. I am weary of it.

Enter JACOBO, *with* ANTONIO.

JAC. One who inquires for thee, Anselmo,
Who would confess.

GASP. (*Takes a confessional chair.*) I know the
man : Jacobo, leave us. [*Exit* JACOBO.

My son, we are alone ; now thou may'st profit
By holy rite, and on thy bended knees
Pour out thy soul to me in deep contrition.
Hast thou perform'd the penance I enjoin'd
For the sad stumblings thou did'st last confess ?

ANT. I have, most holy father, to my belief
Obey'd thy strict injunction.

I have so much to think of for my master,
My thoughts are scarce mine own ;
Still do I often call upon the saints.

GASP. I trust thou dost — and not as I have heard
That worldlings do, invoke them in mere blasphemy.

ANT. Nay, father, when I call, I am sincere.

GASP. Thou dost evade, I fear, with double meaning.

But to the purpose — by what sins hast thou,
Since last we met, endanger'd thy poor soul?

ANT. Father, my mind is ill at ease. I serve
A master most equivocal — a false one
In all he says and does; in love — in everything.
I know not what to think. He's here and there —
In fact, I do believe he is — the devil.

GASP. Give me the grounds for this thy strange suspicion.

ANT. He keeps his chamber lock'd, his haunts
unknown.

He comes when least expected. How he comes
I cannot tell. He goes, and Heaven knows where.
I ne'er can make him out with all my prying.

GASP. It would appear thy master doth not trust thee.

Why should'st thou watch, and seek to find out that
He would conceal? This base prying nature
Is a dark sin, and must be check'd by penance.
Hast thou no more?

ANT. Yes, father, I've a grievous fault to tell ;
One that I'm fearful thou wilt much abhor—
An accident, 'tis true, and most unlucky—
I have two wives in Seville.

GASP. Two wives ! Thou hast profaned the holy
rite !

What ! wedded twice ! and say 'twas accident !

ANT. An accident—they both have come to Seville.

GASP. It is a heinous sin—one that demands
Justice on earth ; scarce pardon claims from Heaven.
Two wives ! How long hast thou thus lived in sin ?

ANT. 'Tis now three years since I did wed the
second !

I had forgot, my memory is so bad,
I wedded was before—till yesterday,
I chanced to meet with both of them in Seville.

GASP. Thy memory's most convenient, but the law
Will not o'erlook thy crime when it is known.

ANT. We'll leave it to the law, then, please thee,
father.

The sin is one that carries its own penance.

GASP. How could'st thou venture on so foul a deed?

ANT. Example, holy father! bad example.

It is our masters who do ruin us.

My present one, for instance, loves two ladies,

And woos them both. Sad reprobate he is!

GASP. Another's fault can't sanctify thine own,
Else all th' ordinances of our church were useless;
Thou art more knave than fool, Antonio,
And yet made up of both. For this thy crime
I have no absolution. Haste thee hence,
And tremble at thy state of sad perdition!

[*Exit* GASP.].

ANT. (*looking after him*). More knave than fool!—
why, yes, that's true. What a scurvy fellow! No
absolution! I shall take the liberty of changing my
confessor. So, good sir, I give you your warning.
Must not pry either! Does he not pry into my con-
science as far as he can? Why, his whole life is a life
of prying!—I have no opinion of these monks!
They're no better than they should be. The law
must take its course—there's the mischief. Let

me only contrive to get out of its clutches now, and I'll take my chance for getting out of the devil's hereafter ! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Street in Seville.

Enter FELIX and PEREZ, meeting.

FELIX. Perez, well met ; I hoped to find you. Have you discovered who your rival may be ? and what answer have you gained from Donna Serafina to your most urgent pleadings ?

PEREZ. Confusion light upon her ! She hath returned my letter without opening it ; and sent a request that I will desist from useless persecution. Beppa, her confidante, I have contrived to parley with ; and what with bribes and much entreaty, I have ascertained that this Don Gaspar is the rival who supplants me.

FELIX. I doubt it, Perez—doubt it much. I, too, have gained some information from Sancho, who associates much with one Nina, Isidora's favoured

woman. From this source I've learned that this Don Gaspar is her favoured cavalier, and that last night they had a meeting.

PEREZ. Yet I am sure my knowledge is correct, and that the Donna Serafina grants him those favours which I consider are but due to me.

FELIX. Why, what a conscientious cavalier is this, who thus monopolises all our beauties ! I fain would see him. What is he like ? His properties must be wondrous indeed. Where is he to be met ?

PEREZ. He often passes this way to the Prado. I wish to meet him also, but not in courtesy. Indeed ! see, here he comes !

[Enter DON GASPAR, and as he would pass by, PEREZ steps before him. GASPAR moves on one side and PEREZ again intercepts him.]

GASP. Don Perez, at first I imagined this was accident, but now your conduct will admit no such interpretation. Do you dispute my passage ?

PEREZ. I do—until we have had some little parley.

GASP. Then, sir, your parley. Be brief. Indeed, I know not what there is between us that demands it.

PEREZ. I believe, Don Gaspar, that you woo a lady.

GASP. 'Tis not impossible.

PEREZ. You will oblige me if you cease to woo.

GASP. Don Perez, I never brook affront. What has already passed demands a deadly meeting. But to reply to your strange request, who is the lady I am commanded not to woo, and upon what grounds?

PEREZ. The lady is the Donna Serafina — I grant a fickle, yet a lovely one. You call yourself Don Gaspar. Who is this Don Gaspar that ruffles thus with our nobility? Detail your ancestry and lineage. Of what family are you? Where are your possessions? show me the patent of your descent or else —

GAS. Or else, Don Perez?

PEREZ. I publish you through Seville!

GASP. Then do it quickly ; you've no time to lose. First let me tell you, sir, that had not reasons, and those the most cogent ones, forced me to hide my quality, I had not so long submitted to the doubts which are abroad. Still my secret is mine own and shall remain so. Who and what I am, Don Perez, you shall never know. You have not long to live ; and now, sir, let me pass. We meet again when least you wish it.

FELIX. Perez, indeed you are to blame. Don Gaspar has the right of every man to wear the incognito, either from choice or from necessity. He has never intruded on your company, bears himself correctly, and wears the form and stamp of true nobility. Thus much in justice must I say. If you must quarrel let your cause be good.

GASP. Sir, I thank you (*bowing to DON FELIX*).

PEREZ. Still do I hold my words, and challenge him impostor !

GASP. Did you retract them it would not avail. But time is pressing, and I cannot wait.

PEREZ. When do we meet again?

GASP. I said before, when least you wish it. (*To*
DON FELIX) Signor, farewell! [*Exit* GASP.

PEREZ. By heavens! I hold him craven! Do you think that I shall hear from him?

FELIX. Hear from him! I saw no signs of fear, but much of rage, and that but ill suppressed. In faith he is a noble cavalier! You'll hear, and see, and suffer from him too, or I mistake.

PEREZ. What did he say? when least I wished it?

FELIX. Those were his words.

PEREZ. They're pregnant with some meaning.

FELIX. No doubt—we'll ravel out this mystery as we walk. Come to the Prado: this smiling day will bring the fair ones forth. Come, come! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street before ANSELMO'S Lodgings.

Enter ANTONIO.

What with the messages from my master's two mistresses, I am not a little puzzled to keep my two wives

apart. I have spread a report of my absence by another channel, which will reach Nina; and, unless she comes for my effects, which Beppa surely would, there is no fear. Now must I wait for Sancho.

Enter BEPPA.

BEP. One is as sure to find you standing here, as to find the figure of our lady in the church.

ANT. I wish the likeness went further, and that the same presents were offered to me. I should be rich.

BEP. You will never be rich. You are not honest.

ANT. It is my poverty has made me otherwise.

BEP. And while you are otherwise you will be poor. You shut the only gate by which riches can enter.

ANT. And yet, good wife, I have occasionally seen great rogues amass great wealth.

BEP. Castles built upon the sand, without a good foundation!—a pile of industry heaped up in vain. But I have known you long, and it is useless to reason with you.

ANT. Pray, may I ask, what has made you in such a sermonising humour to-day?

BEP. No; but you may hear why I am come to you. I am sent to know if your rogue of a master comes to my lady to-night.

ANT. He does, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Enter SANCHO.

ANT. Sancho, I have been waiting for you (*to SANCHO aside*). I'll speak to you directly (*pointing to BEPPA*).

BEP. I'm sure there is mischief. I'll stay to plague him.

ANT. Well, Beppa, you have your answer, and I have no doubt but Donna Serafina is impatient.

BEP. She may be: but, Antonio, I want to put a question to you, now that I am here; who is that girl with whom I caught you the other day, — that Nina!

SAN. Saint Petronila! caught him with Nina? Why he's a married man and your husband.

BEP. I know he is, to my misfortune. Yet still he makes love to other women. I caught him kissing her.

ANT. (*aside*). Confound her !

SAN. Kissing her ! (*To ANTONIO*) Your most obedient ! Then I understand why you fought her husband.

BEP. Fought her husband did you say ?

SAN. Yes, and killed him — a dirty rascal, whose name was——

ANT. (*putting his hand on SANCHE'S mouth*). Your honour, Sancho ! recollect your oath !

SAN. I had forgotten. Saint Petronila, refresh my memory ! But this requires some little explanation.

ANT. And you shall have it, but not now. All's right.

SAN. All's right ?

ANT. (*aside to SANCHE*). Yes — this woman's jealous of her. As soon as she is gone I will explain the whole.

BEP. (*aside*). Now are there knavish tricks in

practice. (*Aloud*) You know this Nina — this girl of his ?

SAN. Why, yes — I know the woman.

BEP. Then if you do, tell her she's a shameless wanton, thus to seduce a married man, and that Antonio's wife will spoil her beauty if she come across her. You understand me?

SAN. Why, yes ; it is very plain, by Saint Petronila !

BEP. Husband, farewell. I trust you'll mend your ways. [*Exit BEPPA.*

ANT. Cursed jealous cockatrice ! Why, Sancho, you are serious.

SAN. Why, yes, a little. I thought you were my friend, but if you are only doing a friendly act for Nina in getting her a husband —

ANT. My dear Sancho, I'll explain it all. Nina is virtuous. It was her husband that she kissed, and this alone has made that woman jealous.

SAN. Why should she be jealous of Nina's kissing her own husband ?

ANT. Because that husband had my livery on ; and Beppa swears 'twas I. When Lopez arrived here he wanted a situation, but his clothes were so shabby, he could not offer himself to any gentleman. I lent him a suit of mine, a very good one too, and yet the wretch had the ingratitude to quarrel with me, although dressed in my clothes. They are on his body now. When he met his wife he kissed her, and Beppa, who was passing by, thought it was I ; and this is the whole mystery. You can ask Nina how her husband was dressed when she met him, and her answer will prove the truth of what I say. Only, you must not mention a word of me or of Beppa. I hope you're satisfied.

SAN. Why, yes — it seems the truth.

ANT. Well, now, Sancho, let me know how Nina received the news of her husband's death.

SAN. Women are strange creatures ! Would you believe it ? When I told his death — Saint Petronila, be merciful to me ! — although she always disliked him, she cried and sobbed most bitterly ; and when I

would have consoled her she pushed me — yes, me, Sancho, away ! Saint Petronila !

ANT. I almost repent of my scheme. I wish it had been Beppa that the fool fancied.

SAN. But this did not last above ten minutes. She then wiped her eyes, and suffered me to kiss her.

ANT. So soon — confound her ! He shall have her (*aside*).

SAN. O more than that ; when she became more tranquil she smiled — hi, hi, hi ! by the lips of the holy saint, she did !

ANT. (*aside*). The Jezebel ! (*Aloud*) But, Sancho, was she quite satisfied with your assertion of his being killed ?

SAN. No ; she said she must have more proof, that there might be no mistake ; for, as she truly observed, it would be an awkward thing to have two husbands.

ANT. (*aside*). It is to have two wives. (*Aloud*) Sancho, proceed.

SAN. I followed your advice, and told her 'twas by my hand that Lopez fell—Saint Petronila pardon me the lie.

ANT. What said she then?

SAN. Why, at first, she repulsed; but then remembering that second thoughts as well as second husbands were the best, she dried her eyes, and was content; don't you see how fresh I am with the joy?

ANT. (*aside and looking contemptuously on SANCHE*).
Confound him!

SAN. What say you?

ANT. That you're a happy man. Did you press her hard to marry you at once, as I advised you?

SAN. I did, and at last she promised, as soon as she had seen her husband dead, to marry me immediately.

ANT. Now, Sancho, I will be your friend. Of course I must not appear in this, nor must my name be mentioned. But if to-morrow at dusk will suit you, I'll drag his body from the place where I concealed it, and lay it in the path which leads to the

summer house — you know where I mean, just where the row of tall chestnut trees——

SAN. I know exactly. Thank you, Antonio. She said to-morrow night she thought she would be able to come out. I'll go to her immediately, and make the appointment. Saint Petronila, smile on my joys of wedlock ! [Exit SANCHE.

ANT. How I hate women ! . . . If that fool had mentioned the name of Lopez, the crafty Beppa would have discovered the whole affair. What with keeping my own secrets, and finding out those of my master, I have enough to do. So far the former has been well managed, now for the latter.

[Exit into house.

SCENE V.

*An Apartment in the Guzman Palace. DONNA INEZ
discovered seated at table.*

INEZ. Last night, again, beneath my niece's
window

I heard that tuneful voice ; and if mine ears
Deceived me not, my Isidora's too.

As I pass'd by, a light whose feeble rays
Shone thro' the vacancy beneath the door
Proved that she'd not retired. I much suspect
She is entangled in some web of love.

Yet oft have I enjoin'd her to advise
With me, her friend, and truest counsellor.

But 'tis in vain ;

Love ne'er would be so sweet, — so fondly cherish'd,
If not envelop'd in the veil of secrecy :
And good intents are oft in maidens check'd
By that strange joyous fear, that happy awe,
Which agitates the breast when first the trembler
Receives its dangerous inmate.

I've summon'd her, for now I must endeavour
To be her confidante. (*Muses.*) 'Twere better
first.

I made her mine.

And sympathy may win the treasured key,
Which startled love would willingly retain.

Enter ISIDORA.

ISID. You wish my presence. (*Aside*) Hush, my tell-tale heart.

INEZ. Hast thou slept well, my child ?

ISID. My dreams have been confused, but not unhappy.

INEZ. Oh ! may'st thou never wake to mystery !
Thine is a dang'rous age : my Isidora,
Thou little know'st, that while thy path is strew'd
With flow'rs, how many serpent dangers lurk
Beneath the sweets.

ISID. I will not stray, then.

INEZ. It is a happy resolution.
If, in my youth, I had been so resolved,
I had not loaded mine old age with care,
Nor soak'd my pillow with remorseful tears.

ISID. I've often seen you weep, and then retire,
Nor glad me with your presence, until after
You had communion held with Father Philip ;
Then have you smiled again, that is to say,
Smiled mournfully, as does the winter's sun,

Gleaming through heavy clouds, and scarce deigning
To light up sober nature for the minute.

INEZ. True, dearest child, for such is our blindness,

That we reject our greatest boon, until
We can receive support from it alone.

'Tis time thou should'st receive my confidence,
And learn the danger of clandestine love.

ISID. (*aside*). She must suspect me. (*Aloud*) I'm
all attention.

INEZ. To say I once was fair, and that mine eyes
Were bright as thine are now, were almost needless.
I had a mother most considerate —
Kind to excess, yet ever pointing out
The path to virtue, and to happiness.
One precept above all did she enjoin,
And sure 'twas little in exchange to ask
For so much kindness — wisely to seek her counsel
Ere the heart was wounded. You hear me, love,
I oft have made the same request of you.

ISID. (*faintly*). You have.

INEZ. I promised faithfully, as thou hast done,
And well, I know, wilt keep the promise made.
But virgin fear induced *me* to withhold
My confidence, until it was too late.
My heart was given and my troth was plighted;
Don Felipe, such was his cherish'd name,
Implored my silence; our frequent meetings
Were sanctified by marriage: then I learn'd
It was an old and deadly feud that barr'd
His long sought entrance to our house; but soon
He hoped our marriage publicly t'announce,
And strife of years to end, and peace restore
By our acknowledged union.
Alas! two days before this much-sought hour,
My brothers were inform'd I did receive
My husband in my chamber. He was surprised
And murder'd — basely in my presence slain!

ISID. Oh Heavens!

INEZ. They would not listen to my frantic words!
They would not credit our asserted union!
They dragg'd me to a convent in their wrath,

And left me to my widowhood and tears,
Tore my sweet infant from my longing arms,
And while I madly scream'd, and begg'd for pity,
The abbess spoke of penitence and prayer.
Reason, for weeks, forsook me : when again
I was awaken'd to a cruel world,
They would have forced me to assume the veil.

ISID. To me, that force had been most needlessly
Exerted. What haven could the world offer
So meet for such a wreck of happiness?
What could induce you to repel that force?

INEZ. The hope, that one day I might find my
boy —

A hope which still I cherish. Years have fled ;
My brothers fell by those who sought revenge,
And I remain'd, sole scion of our noble house,
In line direct. Then did I seek my child.
Those who attended at the birth inform'd me
It had a sanguine bracelet on the wrist.
By threats and bribes at last I ascertained
My child had been removed unto the hospital
Built in this city for receiving foundlings.

Full of a mother's joy, a mother's fear,
I hasten'd there, alas ! to disappointment !
All clue of him was lost, and should my boy survive,
The heir of Guzman's noble house may be
Some poor mechanic's slave ! (*In anguish throws
herself into a chair.*)

ISIDORA, *kneels beside* INEZ.

Indeed 'tis dreadful. I marvel not you grieve
To think that he survives in hapless penury,
Unconscious of his right, perchance unfitted,
And if recover'd, prove no source of joy,
But one of deep regret, that a young stock
Which culture and the graft of education
Would now have loaded on each bough with fruit,
Neglect hath left degenerate and worthless.
How should I joy, yet dread to meet my cousin,
Should your maternal hopes be realized !

INEZ. He is my child. You cannot feel the pangs
Which rack a mother sever'd from her own.

ISID. I've often thought how sweet that love must be

Where all is sanction'd, nought is to conceal —
When hand may lock in hand, heart beat with heart,
And the whole world may smile but not upbraid.
Such love a sister towards a brother bears,
And such a mother feels towards her son.
I have no brother — none of kin but you.
Now, dearest mother, for mother you have been
Unto my childhood and now budding youth,
Would that my feebleness could e'er repay
Your years of love. O that I could console you,
And prove me grateful ! Heaven ne'er be mine
If these, my sobbing words, be not sincere.

INEZ. 'Tis well, my child, thou canst console me
much:

Let my sad tale but prove to thee a beacon
And I am satisfied. Tell me, my love,
Hast thou no secrets hidden in thy breast ?
[*Isidora, still kneeling, covers her face with her hands.*]
Hast thou fulfill'd thy oft-repeated promise ?

ISID. Forgive me, dearest aunt ; forgive and pity
me !

INEZ. Last night, my child, I heard the sound of
music :

Methought thy name was wafted by the air
With most harmonious utterance.

ISID. Forgive me, aunt, but say that you forgive
me !

You shall know all.

INEZ. I do, my Isidora, I forgive thee (*raises her*).
But I must have thy confidence, my child.
Who is this cavalier ?

ISID. Alas ! I know not.

INEZ. Not know, my Isidora ? Hast thou then
Been so unwise as to receive a stranger ?

ISID. Alas ! I have, but too much for my peace.

INEZ. Thou lov'st him then ? [*ISIDORA throws her-
self into the arms of INEZ and bursts into tears*].

(*Aside*) The barb has entered deeply. (*Aloud*) Isidora,
Come, come, cheer up, my love,
I mean not to reproach. All may yet be well.

(*INEZ kisses ISIDORA, and they separate.*)

Thou say'st he is a stranger ?

ISID. I only know he calls himself Don Gaspar.
I have indeed been foolish.

INEZ. Has he ne'er mention'd his condition,
His family or descent?

ISID. Never; and when that I would question him,
He answers vaguely. There is some mystery.

INEZ. With honest love concealment never dwells.
When does he come again?

ISID. To-morrow even — and he'll keep his word.

INEZ. Then will I see him. Fear not, my love,
No trifling cause shall bar thy happiness.
Be he but gentle, e'en of Moorish blood,
And honest, he is thine. Go to thy chamber,
Thither will I follow, that we some project
May devise, which shall remove all obstacle.

[*Exit* ISIDORA.]

I like not this Don Gaspar, and my heart
Forbodes some evil nigh. I may be wrong,
But in my sear'd imagination,
He is some snake whose fascinating eyes,
Fix'd on my trembling bird, have drawn her down

Into his pois'nous fangs. How frail our sex !
Prudence may guard us from th' assaults of passion,
But storm'd the citadel, in woman's heart,
Victorious love admits no armistice
Or sway conjoint. He garrisons alone. [*Exit INEZ.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The monastery. — Procession of monks, choristers, &c. returning from performing service in the chapel. — The organ still playing in the chapel within, ANSELMO at the head of the choristers. — They pass on bowing to the SUPERIOR, who, with MANUEL, remain. — The organ ceases.

SUP. (*looking round*). Anselmo hath pass'd on.
I do observe,
Of late he shuns communion. 'Tis most strange.

Say, Manuel, hast thou discover'd aught?
Doth he continue steadfast and devout?
Or, borne away by youthful phantasies,
Neglect the duties of our sacred order?

MAN. He bears himself correctly, and e'er since
His last offence, when self-inflicted pain
Proved his contrition, he hath ever seem'd
To be absorb'd in holy meditation.

SUP. May this continue, he's of great import
To the well doing of our monastery —
Yet he hath not of late confess'd his sins.

MAN. Perchance he hath not err'd. Forgive me,
Heav'n,
Rash words like these when all are born to sin!
I deem'd that he had nothing to confess
Except the warring of his youthful passions,
O'er which he strives to hold dominion.

SUP. I would it were so; but, too frequently,
I do perceive a furtive glance of fire
From 'neath his fringed eyelash wildly start,
As does the lightning from a heavy cloud:

It doth denote strong passion — much too strong
For youthful resolution to controul.

MAN. Why then permit him to behold the world
And all its vanities? 'Tis true, our coffers
Are somewhat help'd by that he brings to them,
Instructing music, a gift from nature
In him most perfect. Were it not better
That he within our cloister'd gates should stay?

SUP. Then would he pine; for our monastic vows
Are much too harsh, too rigid save for those
Who, having proved the world, at length retire
When they have lost the appetite to sin.
There's much depending on the boy Anselmo;
He is a prize whose worth I little knew
When first into our brotherhood he came.

MAN. I comprehend you not.

SUP. Thou canst not, Manuel, but I will confide
What has been reveal'd to me alone.
Well thou know'st for years I have confess'd
The Donna Inez. From her I late have learn'd
She bore a child in wedlock, which she lost;

And, by the notices which she has given,
I find him in Anselmo.

MAN. In Anselmo! Then he's the rightful heir
To all the Guzman wealth.

SUP. 'Tis even so.

MAN. Father, how long since you discover'd this?

SUP. But a few months before he took his vows.

MAN. Why did you then permit them?

SUP. To serve our holy church; which either way
Must gain by his belonging to our order.

The lady mourns her son. If I restore him,
She must be grateful. Thus our convent will
Become endow'd with acres of broad land.

And should he choose still to retain his vows,
When he has learnt the story of his birth,
Then will our monast'ry no doubt receive
The wealth *he* values not, but *we* require.

MAN. I do perceive—'twas prudently arranged—
What wait you for?

SUP. To see if he will turn his thoughts to Heav'n;
But, look, he moves this way. Leave me with him.

[*Exit* MANUEL, and enter ANSELMO.

Where hast thou been, my child?

ANS. Lending mine ear to those who would unload
A conscience heavy with repeated sin —
Giving advice and absolution free
To those who riot in a sinful world.

SUP. Yet still be lenient. We in holy bonds
Expect not men exposed, to be so perfect.
Tell me, for lately thou hast not confess'd,
How throbs thy heart? Do holy thoughts prevail?
Art thou at peace within, or does thy youth
Regret its vow, and yield to vain repinings?

ANS. I am, most holy father, as Heav'n made
me —

Content, and not content, as in their turns
The good or evil thoughts will be ascendant.
When that the evil thoughts the mastery gain,
I try to curb them. Man can do no more.

SUP. At thy rebelling age, 'tis doing much.
Now put my question to thy inmost soul
And answer me: — could'st thou rejoin the world
And all its pleasures, now so bright in fancy

To youth's all ardent mind, tell me sincerely,
Would'st thou reject them ?

ANS. Why call in question that which ne'er can be?
My vows are ta'en, therefore no choice is mine.

SUP. Most things are possible to mother church,
As would this be — a dispensation sought
Might be obtain'd.

ANS. (*at first with joy in his countenance, then assuming a mournful expression*). It would not
be a kindness. Who, my father,
In this wide glorious world is kindred to Anselmo?
I will confess, I sometimes have indulged
Half dreaming thoughts (O say not they are sinful !)
Of the sweet hours of those, who, lapp'd in bliss,
See brothers, sisters, offspring, clust'ring round,
Loving and loved ; then have I wept to think
That I have none, and sadly felt convinced
'Tis for my happiness that I am here.

SUP. True, my Anselmo, 'tis a dreary world,
And still more dreary when we've nought to cling to,
But say, if thou hadst found a doating mother,

One that was nobly born and rich, who hail'd
In thee the foundling heir to large estates,
What then ?

ANS. (*starts, and after a pause*). I cannot say —
my thoughts ne'er stray'd so far.

Father, you oft the dangers have set forth
Of dreaming fancies which may lead astray ;
Yet do you try to tempt me, by supposing that
Which shakes my firmness, yet can never be.

SUP. We are but mortal. I did wish to know
Thy secret thoughts, and thou withhold'st them still.
At night come to me, then shalt thou confess,
For I would learn the workings of thy soul.

ANS. First let me strive to calm my troubled mind:
I will confess to-morrow.

SUP. Then, be it so. [*Exit* SUPERIOR.

ANS. 'Tis strange. He ne'er before essay'd me
thus.

A doating mother, wealthy too, and noble !
O ! if 'twere true, and I could gain my freedom !
But these are very dreamings. Hold, my brain !

For he has conjured up a vision wild,
And beautiful as wild ! Wealth, ancestry,
A mother's love ! But what are these to thee,
Thou monk Anselmo ? go — go and hang thy head
Within the cowl, droop'd humbly on thy breast —
For know, thou art a monk, and vow'd to Heav'n !
Oh parents stern ! to fling me thus on fate !
But vows more stern, that thus debar me from
The common rights of man ! Why were we made
With passions strong, that even Nature laughs
When we would fain controul them ? Lone to live
And die are rebel acts, to Heav'n unpleasing.
Say I were humbly born of peasant race,
I should have glided on the silent brook ;
Or highly bred and nobly father'd,
Dash'd proudly like the rapid flowing river.
But in these confines against Nature pent,
I must remain a stagnant torpid lake ;
Or else marking my wild course with ruin,
Till my force is spent and all is over,
Burst forth a mad, ungovernable torrent.

Enter JACOBO.

JAC. What Anselmo ! not outside the convent gates, and service over this half hour ! By St. Dominic, it is as I expected — thou hast fallen in with the Superior, and hast been ordered home with penance.

ANS. Not so, Jacobo. The Superior and I roll on in different orbits. Saturn and Venus are as like to jostle as we upon our travels.

JAC. Well, I've an idea that there's something wrong, and my news will not be very agreeable to you : the key is, in future, to be delivered to the Superior at nine o'clock, and, if required, it must be sent for.

ANS. Indeed ! then he must suspect that we are not so regular. Still, I must out to-night, Jacobo — I must indeed !

JAC. Impossible !

ANS. (*giving him money*). I must, Jacobo. Here's for thy wine, much watching needs it.

JAC. The Superior calls me, brother ; I only wish

there was brotherhood in our drinking. The noble juice which mantles in his cup would cheer me in my vigils.

ANS. And that will purchase it. I must be out to-night. Let the Superior have the key, but do not lock the door. You understand, Jacobo?

JAC. I do; but there's danger in it. Holy Virgin! the Superior comes this way. Anselmo, you had better to your cell.

ANS. I detest it. Now must I play the hypocrite.

Enter SUPERIOR followed by JACOBO.

SUP. (*observing Anselmo*). Thou here, my son! I thought thee at thy cell.

ANS. I wish'd to seek it; but till vesper chimes
I must employ in teaching melody;
But that the coffers of our holy church
Receive the thrift, my mind were ill at ease
Thus mixing with the world; for holy vigils
Are better suited to my early years.

(*Kneeling.*) O bless, my father, my untoward youth
And teach my thoughts to find the path to Heav'n.

SUP. (*bending over Anselmo*). Bless thee, my child
may thy young heart

Turn now to Heav'n, as Samuel's did of old !

May holy thoughts pervade thy youthful mind !

May holy dreams enrich thy peaceful sleep !

May heavenly choristers descend in visions,

And point thee out the joys awaiting those

Who dedicate on earth their lives to Heav'n.

[*Exit SUPERIOR, after blessing ANSELMO.*

— ANSELMO, *still kneeling, watches the
departure of the SUPERIOR.*

ANS. (*rising*). He's safe.

JAC. Hah, hah ! do you edify ?

ANS. Peace, peace, Jacobo ! 'Tis time that I
were gone.

JAC. You will return before the door is lock'd ?

ANS. Because you will not lock it. I shall be
home at midnight : it must be so, Jacobo. If not,
expect no further gifts from me ; and what is more,

a full confession of the many times you have been bribed to secresy. [*Exit* ANSELMO.

JAC. Why, what a penance if this should be discovered ! They know how much I love my wine, and always punish me with water. I should have to drink the Guadalquiver dry before the Superior would give me absolution. Well, we all have our besetting sin ; and a pot of good wine will put my soul in more jeopardy than all the temptations that the world contains. I suppose I must forget to lock the door. I'll only bolt it ; that will satisfy my conscience as a porter. [*Exit* JACOBO.

SCENE II.

Street before DON GASPAR'S lodgings.—Enter

ANTONIO.

ANT. I wonder where my master is ! I expected him sooner. He may be in his chamber, but 'tis impossible to say. Why, here comes Beppa, and that

knave Garcias with her. I've often thought they are too intimate; I will retire and watch them.

Enter BEPPA followed by GARCAS. — ANTONIO advances behind.

BEP. But, Garcias, is this true?

GAR. It is, upon my faith! Sancho revealed it in his cups. Don Perez, afraid to encounter with Don Gaspar, has hired bravos to dispatch him.

BEP. I rejoice at it. A wretch like him deserves no better fate, and my poor mistress will be well revenged. Indeed, his servant is no better.

GAR. What! your dear husband?

BEP. My scoundrel husband! Unhappy day I married him! It was but yesterday that I found him kissing another.

GAR. Indeed! — You can revenge yourself.

BEP. I almost wish I could.

GAR. (*kissing her hand*). Then kiss again.

BEP. Pshaw! that's but poor revenge.

GAR. I'll join the bravos, and strike him down, if you will marry me.

BEP. Not so, good sir : it were indeed to make a better choice, to take a murderer in second wedlock. I ask but to be free ; and leave the time to Heaven.

GAR. Then fare ye well. [*Exit* GARCAS.

ANT. A very pretty proposal, and a very pretty plot have I discovered ! yet will I conceal my knowledge. (*Shows himself.*) Good day, again, my Beppa ! Who is that friend of yours ? (*smacking lips in imitation of kissing*).

BEP. (*after a pause*). Well, good husband, how could I help it ?

ANT. How could you help it !

BEP. My mistress ordered me.

ANT. Oh, I understand !

BEP. Yes, only a little by-play, you know.

ANT. Or else you must quit your service. Pray who is the gentleman to whom your mistress is making love ?

BEP. That's a secret.

ANT. Of course she gave you ten moidores for me.

BEP. Really I don't remember.

ANT. Indeed! why, thou — thou —

BEP. Good morning. I must to my mistress.
Adieu, Antonio. [Exit BEPPA.

ANT. Well; I like thee better than usual. Thou hast refused him for me, and would not have him murder me; that's something in a wife now-a-days. I have obtained a key which fits my master's door; and now I feel assured he'll not come back, I'll find his secret out. I must be quick. Suppose he should be there. Impossible! he would have summoned me. At all events I'll risk it. [Exit ANTONIO.

SCENE III.

Interior of DON GASPAR'S room. — Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Pugh! what a heat I'm in! I really tremble with delight or fear — I can't tell which. If he should come, what shall I say? Oh, the news I gained from Beppa. That will do. (*Looking round*) Well, I see nothing after all. Why should he keep

his chamber locked? But, then, there's that chest; let me try — locked fast; — nothing to be gained from that. Still, he comes in by some other way than the door, that's clear; we must have a search for a trap door. (*He looks round, and then under the bed. While he is on his knees, feeling the boards, DON GASPAR enters by the secret sliding panel, and observing him, draws his sword, and, as ANTONIO rises, he points it to his breast.*)

GASP. Villain! how cam'st thou hither?

ANT. (*much alarmed*). Sir, sir, I came — came (*recovers himself*) — I came to save your life, unless it please you to take mine before I can speak to you.

GASP. To save my life!

ANT. Yes, sir; I knew not where to find you; I thought you might be here, and so I forced the lock with a rusty key. I meant to say, that I knew you had another way out from your chamber, and I have been looking for it, that I might hasten to you, to save your life.

GASP. Well, sirrah, first prove to me that you *can*

save my life, and then, perhaps, I may overlook this impertinent intrusion.

ANT. Sir, I overheard a conversation between the valet of Don Felix and a woman, in which they stated that bravos were hired by Don Perez to waylay and murder you, Don Perez not caring to meet you with his sword. This night they wait for you.

GASP. Is Don Perez then so basely treacherous?

ANT. Indeed he is, sir! You must not out to-night.

GASP. I must, and fear them not. For this I overlook your prying—nay, more, I will in confidence explain the secret of this chamber; but, mark you! keep it, or I shall soil my rapier with thy knavish blood. This private entrance hath much served me (*showing the sliding panel*).

ANT. May I be so bold as to ask how?

GASP. It oft has saved my life. It is about a year since, and about three months before you entered my service, that I gained the love of one named Julia; she was too fond, and urged me to marry her,

which I refused. Her brothers, who were at home at the time, wrested from her the cause of those tears which she could not control. I met them both, and with ease disarmed them; I did not wish to slay them, I had already done them injury. These officers, who were more annoyed by my conquest than even their sister's shame, hired bravos, as Perez now has done, who sought to murder me. Each night that I went home I found them near my door: twice I fought an entrance to my own house; a friend, who was aware of the inveteracy of those who toiled to procure my assassination, hired me this chamber. For months they watched the door with disappointment, until the brothers being recalled to join their troops in Murcia, the bravos ceased their persecutions.

ANT. How did you escape them in the city, senhor?

GASP. In daylight I was safe; at night I wore the garb of a holy monk, that lies upon that chair. You'll keep my secret?

ANT. Yes, sir, when I know it.

GASP. Have I not told it you?

ANT. You have told me that at times you are a monk, and at times a cavalier. Which is the real character, him of the rosary, or him of the rapier?

GASP. (*aside*). The knave is deep. (*Aloud*) I am a monk but when it suits me.

ANT. But, sir, is there not danger in thus assuming a holy character, if it were known — the Inquisition?

GASP. I grant it: but we do many things which, if known, would subject us to something unpleasant. I serve two mistresses; but, should I marry them both —

ANT. (*starting back*). Then would you to the galleys, at least.

GASP. Exactly so. I merely put the case, for I was told by Donna Isidora's maid, you are her husband; and this I also know, from your own mouth, you are married to Beppa.

ANT. There's some mistake, sir; for Nina is

married to one whose name is Lopez. I cannot, sure, be he !

GASP. If I can be both monk and cavalier, as you assert, why may not you be Lopez and Antonio ? A name is changed as easily as a garment. But in your face I read conviction ; I'm certain you have two wives !

ANT. It must be as you please, sir. Perhaps I may have confessed as much to you as a holy monk.

GASP. (*Laughs.*) When did you ever meet me in a church ?

ANT. I do not say I have, sir ; but then your knowledge is so certain.

GASP. Suppose, then, that I know your secrets, thou wilt surely not reveal mine. There's for thine intelligence. (*Throws him a purse.*)

ANT. May Heaven preserve my gracious master !

GASP. This night must I to Donna Serafina's.

ANT. Will you, then, venture forth ?

GASP. Yes, I'll robe myself as holy monk. They dare not strike, even though they have suspicion.

You may go. I shall not return to-night.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.]

Scoundrel ! — he is too cunning to believe me —

Yet still I have the secret of his wives.

(*Muses.*) This night I have discover'd the base Perez

Again essays his most inconstant fair,

Blind as inconstant. She rejected me

When, as Friar Anselmo teaching music,

I offer'd her — 'tis true, unholy love ;

And I by Perez was thrust out with shame,

Spurn'd with contumely as the door was closed,

With threats if ever I appear'd again,

To blazon forth my impious attempt, and —

Yet did she cozen me with melting eyes,

And first roused up the demon in my breast,

Then laugh'd in malice. — I hate her for it !

Now as Don Gaspar, I've supplanted him,

Pride and revenge, not love, impelling me ;

These gratified, I would shake off a chain

Which now, in amorous violence, she'd rivet.

Further, Don Perez, in his jealous mood,

Has as Don Gaspar braved me. They shall find,
I hold life cheap when I would have revenge!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

A garden near the house of Donna Serafina, which is in the back of the scene. — A balcony. — Enter GASPAR in a friar's dress, over that of a cavalier.

I PASS'D them, and they bow'd unto my blessing.

Why, what a world of treachery is this!

Who would imagine that this holy robe,

Professing but humility and love,

Conceal'd the cavalier, swelling in pride,

Seeking revenge, and thirsting for hot blood?

Off with this first disguise! (*Throws off friar's gown.*)

What then appears?

A fair proportion, more deceiving still.

—— In holy garb I fret within my cell,

Sigh for the joyous world I have renounced,

And spurn the creed which hath immured me there.

When like the chrysalis I 'scape my prison,

And range a free and garish butterfly,
I find the world so hollow, base, and vile,
That, in my mood, I hasten back once more,
With thoughts of never wand'ring forth again,
But, see, — Don Perez comes. I will retire.
[Gaspar withdraws.]

Enter PEREZ.

PEREZ. Fool that I am ! like some robb'd bird to
hover
About the nest that's void. Her heart's not mine.
'Tis now three moons that I have sued in vain;
Her casement closed by night, her door by day.
O woman, woman ! thy mysterious power
Chains the whole world, and men are nought but slaves
Unto the potent talisman —
If man prove false and treach'rous, he is spurn'd,
Contemn'd, and punish'd with resentment just.
To woman faithless still we kneel and sue,
For that return our reason holds as worthless.
Well ! this shall be my last — for, by yon moon,

So oft a witness to my fervent vows,
So true an emblem of inconstant beauty,
This night I woo her back, or woo no more.

*[Retires; sings to his guitar, unseen; or
beckons on chorus.]*

Ere lady that you close in sleep
Those eyes that I would die to view,
Think, think on mine that watch and weep,
And on my heart that breaks for you!

The sun does not disdain to turn,
And on the meanest weed to shine,
That scorch'd up dies, and seems to burn
With love, as hopelessly as mine.

One look — one word — hear, hear my call!
O cruel! can you still deny
One look, — though it in scorn should fall?
One word, — although it bid me die?

PEREZ, *coming forward, looking up at the window
after pause.*

She will not hear, nor bless me with her sight!

Enter GASPAR in cavalier's dress.

GASP. Well met, Don Perez. Thus I keep my
word.

And “when you least do wish it,” I am here.
Was it well done to send out hired stilettoes
When you had challenged me to measure swords?

PEREZ (*aside*). The scoundrels then have miss’d
him!

(*Aloud*) Know, Don Gaspar,
I do not deem thee worthy of my steel.
But, as we meet — ’tis well — defend thyself! (*Draws.*)

GASP. Defend *thyself*, Don Perez! Thy best might
And skill befriend thee, — else thy life is nought!

(*They fight round. DON PEREZ falls.*)

PEREZ. I’m slain! Don Gaspar, or whoe’er thou art,
If thou have Christian charity, seek out
Some holy man. (*Gaspar retires.*) He’s gone!

[GASPAR, with Friar’s gown and hood on, returns
to DON PEREZ.]

GASP. Look up, Don Perez! Knowest thou this
form?

Thou dost require some holy man to shrive thee,
Ere thou pass away. — Don Perez, answer!
Know’st thou this form, — these features?

PEREZ. Thou art the Friar Anselmo. I have
wrong'd thee,
And ask forgiveness. O then pardon me !
And, as thou hop'st t' enjoy eternal life,
Feel no resentment 'gainst a dying man !
(*Faintly*) Shrive me, good father, for I'm sinking fast.
Yon stream of blood will not creep on its course
Another foot, ere I shall be no more.

GASP. Thou saw'st Anselmo. Now raise up thine
eyes, (*Throws off his disguise.*)
And see Don Gaspar ! who has just reveng'd
The wrongs inflicted on the spurn'd at monk.

PEREZ. Whoe'er thou art, mysterious, awful being !
At least be satisfied with thy revenge.
If thou art holy, shrive me !

GASP. I am a monk, and yet not holy (*putting
on gown, and folding his arms*).

PEREZ. If thou art a monk by vows, thou'rt holy.
'Tis not my blood that's now upon thy hand,
And shall hereafter be upon thy soul,

Which makes thee less so : thou'rt but an instrument.

I pray thee, shrive me, that my guilty soul
May quit in peace this tenement of clay.

GASP. Does he not speak the truth ? Tell me, my
heart,
I think — I feel — I can forgive him now !

[GASPAR *takes out his crucifix, returns to*
DON PEREZ, *and, kneeling, presents it to*
him. PEREZ kisses the crucifix, and falls
back dead. GASPAR remains hanging over
him.

DON FELIX (*without*). What hoa !

Enter DON FELIX with servants bearing torches.

GASPAR (*still kneeling by the body*). Who calls ?

FELIX. We seek Don Perez, who this way did bend
His steps some hours ago ; and not returning
At th' appointed time, we fear some mischief
Hath befallen him.

GASPAR. Behold then here the body of some gallant,

Whose face I know not. As I pass'd this way
I heard the clash of high and fierce contention,
And when I came, this most unhappy man
Lay breathing here his last. I shrived him,
And he since has died.

FELIX. It is Don Perez. Holy father, saw you
The other party in the contest?

GASP. Save that a manly figure flitted by,
And vanish'd in the shadow of yon trees.

FELIX. Raise up the corse, and bear it to my house.
This bloody work, Don Gaspar, must be thine!
Perez, thou hear'st me not! but, by this sword,
I will revenge thy death!

[*Exit DON FELIX and servants carrying body.*

GASP. Thus far have I escaped suspicion —
Now will I to the monastery.

[*Casement opens, and Donna Serafina appears at window.*]

SER. Who's there?

GASP. (*aside*). I had forgotten her.

SER. Who's there?

GASP. A father of the neighbouring monastery,
Attracted hither by the clash of swords,
And but in time to shrive a dying man.

SER. Good father, didst thou hear the names of
those
Who were engaged?

GASP. Not of the murderer, who has escaped.
The one whose body has been borne away,
Was call'd — Don Gaspar.

SER. Don Gaspar! Father, surely thou mistak'st?
It was the other cavalier who fell.

GASP. The words of dying men are those of truth;
He call'd himself Don Gaspar, and he begg'd
I would take off his scarf, and, with his love,
Bear it to Donna Serafina.

SER. Then it is true — and I am lost for ever!
Father, recall those words, those dreadful words!
Say 'twas not Don Gaspar, and I'll load
Thy monastery with the wealth of India.
Its shrines shall blaze with gold and precious gems,

And holy relics shall be purchased thee,
To draw all faithful Christians to thy gates !

GASP. I cannot change the name, and, if I could,
'Twere no less a murder. Lady, good night.

SER. Good father, stop — thou hast a scarf
For Donna Serafina. I am she —
Where is it ? give it me.

GASP. Are you that woe-struck lady, Serafina ?
Alas ! indeed you have much cause to grieve.
He loved you well.

SER. Give me the scarf.

GASP. I cannot, lady ; 'tis not fit to offer,
For it is tinged with blood.

SER. Give me the scarf ! I'll kiss away the blood,
Or wash it off with tears !

GASP. That I cannot, the casement is too high ;
Nor can I tarry longer. The last message,
Together with the scarf, I will deliver
Before to-morrow's sun shall gild these trees.

SER. Then be it so. O Gaspar ! Gaspar !

[Exit from window, and closes it.]

GASP. One hour of misery, like hers, exceeds
An age of common earthly suffering ;
And when at last she hears the unvarnish'd truth,
'Twill but perplex her more. Oh destiny !
Why am I thus a blood-stain'd guilty man
In early years ? still yearning towards virtue,
Yet ever falling in the snares of vice !
Now do I loathe the amorous Serafina,
Who sacrifices all — her fame — her honour,
At Passion's shrine. How do I adore
The chaste, the innocent, sweet Isidora !
Yet in my love, so ardent and so pure,
There's guilt — deep damning guilt — and more,
There's cruelty and baseness ! I plant a dagger
In the fond breast that cherishes the wound ;
Nor will she feel the pain until withdrawn,
And happiness — nay, life — will issue with it.
How inconsistent, selfish, treacherous !
Heav'n pardon me — how can I pardon ask
For that I never can forgive myself !

[*Exit* GASPAREL]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Street before ANSELMO's lodgings.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. At last I have his secret, and one of moment too. A monk, and yet a cavalier ! A friar's gown and a gala suit ! vowing to heaven and vowing to the ladies ! Abjuring the world, and roaming through it with a vengeance ! Telling his beads, and telling me lies ! But I am not so easily to be deceived. I thought very often that there was a similarity of voice between his and my confessor's, but when I saw the friar's gown, and he accused me of having two wives, it all flashed upon me at once. A pretty fool has he made of me ! No wonder that he knew my rogueries when I confessed them to him. What's the having two wives to this ? Mine is a paltry secret of a poor lacquey, but his is one which will obtain a price, and it is well to be first in the market. Whom shall I sell it to ? let me see — Don Felix — ?

Enter BEPPA.

BEP. What of Don Felix, husband? Do you wish to serve him?

ANT. Yes, if he'll pay me well.

BEP. I presume Don Gaspar has not paid you: then must you help yourself.

ANT. Why so I do, whenever I can. But he takes care of that.

BEP. He might have done, but hardly will do so now.

ANT. Why not?

BEP. Because he's dead.

ANT. Dead! Are you sure of that?

BEP. Quite sure, for I myself beheld the contest. Such fierce exchange of hate I ne'er imagined, or that you men were such incarnate devils.

ANT. Pray tell me where this happened.

BEP. 'Twas in the garden near our house, under the chestnut trees, deep in the shade. The full moon could not pierce the closely woven foliage. All her beams were caught on the topmost boughs which

waved in silver. A lovely night to stain with murder ! Oh me ! I see them now.

ANT. Proceed, good Beppa, I'm eager to know all.

BEP. Their forms were not distinct, yet could we perceive their gleaming swords darting like fiery serpents ; 'twas horrible. At last one fell ; it proved to be Don Gaspar.

ANT. Indeed ! you're sure there's no mistake ?

BEP. I saw the body borne away. My mistress weeps and tears her hair, nor deems that he was false. I must to the church, but will return again immediately. *[Exit.*

ANT. Now could I weep, and tear my hair, like Donna Serafina. My secret is worth nothing. 'Tis strange, too, that he should be o'ermatched by Don Perez, whose sword he so despised ; I cannot yet believe it ; and yet, she saw the body, and her mistress weeps. What can she gain by this, if 'twere deceit ? Nothing. Why, then, 'tis plain Don Gaspar's dead. His foot slipped, I suppose, and thus the

vaunted skill of years will often fail through accident.
What's to be done now? I'm executor of course.
Here comes Don Felix.

Enter DON FELIX.

FELIX. Art thou the lacquey of Don Gaspar?

ANT. (*pulling out his handkerchief, and putting it to his eyes*). I was, most noble sir.

FELIX. You've left him then?

ANT. He hath left me. Last night he fell, in combat with Don Perez.

FELIX. 'Tis false. He hath slain my friend, whose body now lies in my house.

ANT. Indeed, sir! may I credit this?

FELIX. I tell you it is true. Where can a message find your master?

ANT. Wherever he may be, sir.

FELIX. And where is that? Trifle not with me, knave, or you'll repent it sorely.

ANT. I do not trifle, sir. Don Gaspar's motions

are unknown to me. Give me your message; when he re-appears I will deliver it.

FELIX. Then tell him he's a villain of no parentage; a vile impostor whom I mean to punish; — that if there's manhood in him he will appoint a time and place where we may meet.

ANT. You seek his life then?

FELIX. You may so construe by the message.

ANT. Pardon me, sir; but will you risk your noble person against one but too well practised in the sword? Excuse, me, sir, you're hasty: there are other means more fitting for your purpose. I have his secret; one that will administer to your revenge, and win a triumph far greater than your sword.

FELIX. Tell me this secret.

ANT. Why should I sacrifice a liberal master, whom, just now, you saw me weep for? and that to one to whom I have no obligation?

FELIX. I understand thee, knave! Thou'lt sell it me? (*Takes out a purse.*)

ANT. Softly, Don Felix! it bears no common price, nor can I tell it here. I've paid most dearly for it, and from distress alone am now obliged to sell it.

FEL. And I will buy it dearly. In half an hour come to my house; there will exchange a heavy purse for what you may confide to me, if, as you say, it leads to his perdition. [*Exit FELIX.*]

ANT. So, this works well; and yet my conscience smites me! Why does it smite me? Because 'tis heavily laden. With what? This secret. Then must I unburthen myself of it; and as, till lately, I have confessed to one Don Gaspar, I will now confess to one Don Felix. The former refused me absolution — the latter offers me a purse. I was right when I gave warning to my old confessor; the new one is more suited to me. Here come my ten plagues of Egypt in one.

Enter BEPPA.

BEP. Well, Antonio, you have lost no time, I

hope. What have you collected? You often quote the proverb, "Service is no inheritance."

ANT. Service *is* no inheritance; yet you would that I constituted myself my master's heir. I cannot do it, Beppa — I dare not! There's something tells me it is wrong to rob so good a master; I am more honest than you take me to be.

BEP. Then is the devil turned saint! Think not that you deceive me. There's nought but cowardice that will prevent your knavery. Now tell me, how long have you been thus scrupulous?

ANT. Ever since I found out that my master was not dead.

BEP. Not dead?

ANT. Don Perez 'twas who fell.

BEP. A holy friar who shrived the dying man told me the name of him who fell was Gaspar.

ANT. He was a holy friar, said you? I see it all (*aside*).

BEP. He said he had a scarf to give to Donna Serafina, at the request of him who died.

ANT. Hath he delivered it?

BEP. No; and Donna Serafina in frantic grief awaits his coming.

ANT. (*aside*). She'll wait till doomsday; I understand it all. (*Aloud*) Beppa! Don Gaspar now will soon be here; go and console your mistress.

BEP. Then it must have been a plan of Don Gaspar's to rid himself of my mistress. I do not understand it, but believe you *do*. When master and man are so much alike, they cannot deceive each other. I'll to Donna Serafina, and tell her of this base stratagem, which, with his wooing of another, will make her cease to grieve for the treacherous villain, and turn her ardent love to deadly hate.

[*Exit* BEPPA.]

ANT. As I have mine for you, I was about to say; only I do not recollect that I ever loved you. I think I married her to keep myself from starving: but I forget why, exactly, 'tis so long ago. What a fool is a man who marries — but a double fool is he who, like me, am doubly — I can't bear to mention it.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.]

SCENE II.

DONNA SERAFINA's *Chamber*. — DONNA SERAFINA
discovered.

SER. They tell me I am fair : yet what avails
This gift of nature ?
Could those who envy me but see my heart —
My bleeding, lacerated, breaking heart !
How would their bitter nature change to pity !
I did require but him in this wide world ;
My beauty valued, but to gain his love !
My wealth rejoiced in, but to share with him !
He was my all ! and every other 'vantage
Was but of value as subservient to him.
As is the gold of costly workmanship
Round the fair gem imbedded in the centre.
Oh ! Gaspar, were I sure I could o'ertake
Thy spirit, soaring up in its young flight,
This little steel should free my anxious soul,
To join thine in the high empyrean,

And, fondly link'd, in joy ascend to heaven.
Why waits the friar? Some idle mummary,
To him more sacred than my Gaspar's relic,
From his dull memory hath chased his promise.
Why waits my woman, whom I have despatch'd
To learn the history of my Gaspar's death?
Alas! alas! they know not love.

Enter BEPPA.

BEP. Madam, I've news for you; but news so
strange
That I can scarce impart it. Dry your tears,
Nor more lament Don Gaspar, — for he lives!

SER. He lives? say that again! You said he
lived —

Did you not, Beppa? Then may Heav'n reward you
For those blissful words! — He lives! — support me —

(Faints in Beppa's arms.)

BEP. I should have first inform'd her he was false.
Now will the shock be greater. — Dear lady — *(Sera-
fina recovering gradually).*

SER. (*faintly*). Now do I feel like some poor criminal,

Who, having closed his eyes, to look no more
Upon the world he is about to leave,
With curdling blood, and faint and flutt'ring pulse,
Waits for the last terrific moment
When the sharp axe shall free his trembling soul.
So wakes he at the distant shouts of men,
Rolling the waves of sound until they dash
Against his worn-out sense the glad reprieve.
Don Gaspar lives ! Oh Heav'n, I thank thee !

BEP. At the cup's brim the sweets have kiss'd
your lips.

But, madam, like some weak, distemper'd child,
You've yet to taste the nauseous dreaded draught
Which is to cure you.

SER. What mean you ? Cure me !

BEP. 'Tis true Don Gaspar lives—as true he's false.

SER. False ! Beppa — false ?

BEP. Most false and treacherous !

He loves another.

SER. (*after a pause*). Did I hear rightly?
Impossible ! It was but three days gone,
He swore such oaths, if true, as Heav'n would
register —

Should they prove false, as hell might chuckle at.

BEP. And yet it is so, I am most assured.

SER. If it be true, then every thing is false.
It cannot, cannot be. Have I not lavish'd
All I could bestow, myself and mine,
Rejected all, to live within his arms,
To breathe one breath with him, and dwell in ecstasy
Upon his words. Oh no ! he is not false !
You must belie him.

BEP. Nay, I would I did :
I wonder not your doting heart rejects
Such monstrous treachery. Yet it is true,
And true as curs'd. The Donna Isidora
By her charms has won him ; and his feign'd death
Was but a stratagem to shake you off.
As you last night asserted, Perez fell ;
Don Felix, swearing vengeance, seeks Don Gaspar.

SER. (*after a pause*). Who is this Isidora?

BEP. A lovely creature in her early bloom,
The noble blood of Guzman in her veins,
A rival worthy of your beauty, madam,
And therefore one most dangerous.

SER. Would that I had her here. My heart is now
So full of anger, malice, and fierce hate,
With all those direful and envenom'd passions
By which the breasts of demons are infected;
If I but even look'd upon her face,
My scorching breath would wither up her charms
Like adder's poison. Would I had her here!

BEP. Yet blame her not. She's good and beautiful:
Report doth much commend her early worth
And ever active charity.

SER. Were she not so, I yet might have retain'd
My truant love. Each virtue that she hath
With me's a vice — each charm, deformity.
They are my foes, array'd against my power,
And I must hate them, as they've vanquish'd me.

BEP. But *my* hate should fall on Gaspar, lady.

SER. That's not so easy; the strong tide of love,
Though check'd, still flows against the adverse hate.
In their opposing strife, my troubled breast
Heaves as the elements in wild commotion.

BEP. It must not last. I've much to tell you yet
Of this base man. When you have heard it all,
A rapid flood of rage shall sweep its course,
Lash'd by the storm raised in your much wrong'd soul,
O'erwhelming all remorse, to Gaspar's ruin.

SER. Direct me, Heav'n ! Come to my chamber,
Beppa,
I must unrobe me. When my swollen heart
Can throb more freely, I will hear your tale.
Come on, good Beppa. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Street in Seville.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. This is a strange world ! What a simpleton
is this Don Felix ! First he buys my secret at a

heavy price, and then, after two minutes' deliberation, declares that he will make no use of it, but that I must deliver the message that he gave me. I've no objection. I like to see my betters dismiss each other to the next world; — the more room for those who remain behind, and poor rogues like me are not so much jostled. This world is certainly much too full for comfort. Ah ! here comes one that stands a chance of going out of it.

Enter DON GASP.

GASP. Antonio, I must for a time remain concealed. Don Perez is no more, and in this friar's gown, which I put on to elude the bravos, I have convinced the Donna Serafina of my death. Thus do I rid myself of her unwelcome love. Remember, should you meet your wife, I don't know which of them, you will keep my secret. You will remain here in charge till I return.

ANT. Most certainly, Sir. But I had almost forgotten ; I have a message which may interfere with your departure.

GASP. From whom?

ANT. Don Felix, sir. The friend of him you slew last night.

GASP. Well, what is this message?

ANT. One, sir, that will demand a life — or yours or his. It is so coarsely worded that I dare not give it. It will too much provoke you.

GASP. Give it me straight, and let me have it word for word.

ANT. He told me first, sir, that you were — a villain.

GASP. (*catching Antonio by the throat*). How, sirrah?

ANT. It was not I who said so — 'twas Don Felix.

GASP. True. I was hasty. Now proceed.

ANT. A villain — of no parentage.

GASP. What? scoundrel!

ANT. I have said too much, sir. — You'll excuse the rest.

GASP. (*much irritated*). No, no, no — go on ; leave out a word and I will murder you.

ANT. (*aside*). Then I stand a bad chance either way, not so amusing as I thought. (*Aloud*) He did say something else, but 'twas of no moment —

GASP. (*putting his hand to his sword*). Your message, to the letter.

ANT. A vile impostor.

GASP. (*striking him*). How ?

ANT. Oh, mercy, sir ! you take me for Don Felix.

GASP. I am wrong. (*Throws his purse to Antonio.*) You said a villain — of no parentage — a vile impostor — ha ! was there any more ?

ANT. Yes, sir ; and which I think I may deliver without farther danger to myself. He added, “ If there’s manhood in him, he will appoint a time and place, when and where I may meet him.”

GASP. I ask no better. Tell him, this evening, at the copse of trees where Perez fell, he may expect me. Take my answer straight.

ANT. Shall I go now ?

GASP. Yes; fly to his house. Tell him from me — no, no — tell him no more than I have said already, I'll wait for your return. Haste, haste.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.]

A villain of no parentage! — Impostor!
A vile impostor! — He but states the truth,
Yet will I crush him, that he hath stumbled
On that truth. Yes! of no parentage! — Why —
Why is this constant pining of the heart,
As if it felt itself defrauded still
Of rights inherent? If I'm basely born
Why do I spurn the common herd of men?
The eaglet that regains its liberty,
Soars to the sun at once — it is its nature:
While meaner birds would hop from spray to spray.
Oh! would I had ne'er been born. —
To-morrow I intend to leave for ever
Her whom I love — the sacred walls I hate,
In some far distant land to die unheeded.
My Isidora has desired my presence,
And strange, admits me in the open day.

Within an hour of this she will receive me,
Then must I falter out my last adieu.
This evening also I must meet Don Felix. —

Re-enter ANTONIO.

So soon return'd ! Hast thou then seen him ?

ANT. I have, sir ; I met him as I gained the door,
and your message was duly delivered. He answered,
that *he* would not fail, and that he trusted his *sword*
would not fail either.

GASP. Should his sword fail, I must not return
for many days ; should it not *fail*, I return no more.
But having balanced thus my brief account
Of love and hate, I'll quit fair Spain for ever. [*Exit.*

ANT. (*taking out a purse*). This purse is a heavy
one, but not so heavy as the one I received from
Don Felix. I hardly dared deliver the message, but
there's seldom profit without danger. I will say this
for my master, that he knows the salve for every
wound. Let me see — one purse for my intelligence,
or rather for keeping my master's secret, and another

from Don Felix for betraying it — and a third for a blow. Ah ! here comes Beppa. (*Puts up purse hastily.*)

Enter BEPPA.

BEP. What's that you've put into your pocket ?

ANT. Only an empty purse.

BEP. It appeared to me well filled.

ANT. Appearances are very deceitful. How is your mistress ?

BEP. Alas ! she has watched all night — now the tears pouring down her cheeks, whilst heavy sobs hindered all utterance, and then would she turn to rage, and pace her chamber with frantic gestures. Oh ! what a wretch is this Don Gaspar !

ANT. He fights this evening.

BEP. With whom ?

ANT. Don Felix — a better match for him than Perez.

BEP. They say the former's skilled in fence. Heaven grant his sword may prove the master ! Where do they meet ?

ANT. Nay, that's a secret.

BEP. Tell me, Antonio. Should Don Felix not prevail, a woman's vengeance yet may reach Don Gaspar. Antonio, do tell me where they meet.

ANT. It is a secret.

BEP. But I must know. There is nothing I would not give to win this secret from you. Antonio, you must tell me.

ANT. That I cannot, I made a promise. (*Puts his hand to his heart.*)

BEP. (*scornfully*). You made a promise. I know your promises too well. What will you sell this secret for?

ANT. My purse of ten moidores !

BEP. Then you shall have it. But will you tell it truly ?

ANT. Honour ! when I have the money.

BEP. (*Takes out purse and throws it at him.*) Then, there it is. I believe that you will keep a roguish contract, although no other.

ANT. You're right. They meet at sunset under the copse of trees where Perez fell.

BEP. The copse of trees where Perez fell ! Does he not fear his ghost ? No, he fears nothing. Breaking the hearts of women, and piercing those of men, is all the same to this fell Gaspar. Well, I have bought your secret, and will make good use of it.

ANT. Had you not known that it was a marketable commodity, you never had purchased it. You'll turn a penny, never fear. I must unto my master's lodgings. *[Exit.*

BEP. Yes, to follow thy old trade of pilfering. I must unto my lady, and bear her this intelligence. Thus will I rouse the woman in her, and urge her to revenge. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Guzman Palace.

Enter NINA, ushering in DON GASPAR.

Stay here, Senhor. You'll not be long alone.

[Exit NINA.

GASP. Thus am I hurried, by resistless love,
To follow that I never can obtain.
I love thee, Isidora, doat upon thee,
There's not a boiling drop within these veins
I'd not pour out, could it but make thee happy.
And yet I 'gainst my better reason plunge,
Dragging thee with me deep into perdition.
A monk, and marry ! 'Tis impossible !
Each time I quit her, then do I resolve
Never to see her more ; yet one hour's absence
Kills my resolution, and each moment
Seems an eternity, till in her presence
Vows I repeat, that vows alone make false.
'Tis not in human nature to withstand
Against such strong temptation, —
To fold her in my arms — inhale her breath,
Kiss tears away, neither of grief nor joy,
But from both fountains equally o'erflowing —
Oh ! 'tis a bliss indeed, to gain which
Angels might leave their bright cerulean home,
And barter their eternal heaven of joy.

Enter DONNA INEZ. GASPAR advances quickly to her, thinking it is ISIDORA, but finding his mistake stops abruptly, and bows to DONNA INEZ.

INEZ. Don Gaspar — for 'tis so I hear you're styled —

Hither you came in ardent expectation
Of meeting one more suited to your age,
My beauteous niece, the Donna Isidora.
Now would I have some conference with one
Who by insidious means hath gain'd her heart,
Yet shrouds himself in mystery: she has placed
Her fortunes in my hands — she resigns her all,
To me confiding to unlock your secret.
When once you're manifest and fully known,
A task which must precede, Senhor, it will decide
Whether I join your hands and bless your union,
Or curse the fatal day she first beheld you!

GASP. Madam, I thank you much, I'll speak directly.

But I'm so overcome with wretchedness,
Your kindness must bear with me.

You ask me who I am — a question fair,
As fairly answer'd now — I cannot tell.

INEZ. Is it you know not, or you will not tell?

GASP. I do not know — and therefore cannot tell —
Though from this hour I date my misery,
I am resign'd. You may dismiss me
With stern remonstrance at my daring love —
Yet it is better. I am of those forsaken —
Who have no parents — owing to the state
A nurture most unkind — a foundling child.

INEZ. A foundling child? (*Aside*) His voice —
his presence —

And those words make my heart leap in agony.

GASP. Yes, and must live to curse the hearts of
those

Unnatural parents, who could thus renounce me.
Love conquer'd shame, and brought me into being,
But in her turn shame triumph'd over love,
And I was left to destiny. —
The bloody tigress parts not with her young: —
Her cruel nature, never known to pity,

Is by maternal feeling changed to tenderness.
The eyes which fiercely gleam on all creation,
Beam softly, as she views her snarling cubs.
But cruel man, unruly passion sated,
Leaves to neglect the offspring of his guilt.
I have no more to say. Dismiss me now,
And when, henceforth, you rail at my presumption,
Consider the perfection that has caused it.
I oft have made the healthy resolution
To quit for ever her whom I adore.
Take my farewell to her — your lovely niece,
Although I'm friendless, she will pity me.

INEZ. (*aside*). How strange it is
I feel not anger'd ! Strange indeed, there is a pulse
Which makes me lean to his presumptuous love.

[GASPAR *is going*.

(*Aloud*) Yet stay awhile, for I would know your age?

GASP. 'Twas at nine years I left the hospital,
And now have been for ten a wanderer.

INEZ. (*aside*). The age exact. O Heav'n ! let
not these hopes

For ever springing, be for ever wither'd !

(*Aloud*) Youth, have you any mark, should you be
sought,

Might lend a clue to your discovery ?

GASP. I have ; they who deserted me, if ever
Their intention to reclaim my person,
May safely challenge me among ten thousand.

(*Baring his wrist*) 'Tis here — a ruby band upon my
wrist.

[INEZ goes towards him, catches his hand,
and gazes on the wrist intently without
speaking.

What can this mean ? oh, speak, dear lady, speak !

INEZ. (*throwing herself into his arms*). My child,
My child !

GASP. I, I your child ! almighty Heaven, I thank
thee !

My heart is bursting in its wild emotion,
Till all be understood. Oh, speak again !

INEZ. Thou art my son — he whom I've mourn'd
so long,

So long have sought. Features thou hast, my boy,
Which in the memory of all save her,
Who fondly loved, long, long have pass'd away.

GASP. Who was my father?

INEZ. One of most ancient name, Don Felipo.

GASP. Then I am noble?

INEZ. And by each descent.

GASP. Pardon me, lady, if I seem more eager
To know this fact, than render unto you
My love and duty. — From the world's scorn
I've suffer'd much; and my unbending pride
Would rather that my birth remain'd in doubt,
Than find a parentage which was obscure.
Now all is perfect, and to you I tender
(*Kneeling*) My truth and love, still in their infancy,
And therefore may they seem to you but feeble.
(*Rises.*) Yet blame me not: this sudden change of
state

Hath left me so bewilder'd I scarce know
Myself, or what I feel; like to the eyes
Of one long plunged in gloom, on whom the sun,

At length admitted, pours at once a flood
Of glorious light — so are my senses dazzled.

INEZ. And I am faint with gratitude and love.
Come in with me. Then shall you learn
The cruel cause that cast you out a foundling,
And I, the bounteous, blessed providence,
That led you to my arms. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in the Guzman Palace.

Enter Donna INEZ, meeting SUPERIOR.

SUP. Save thee, good lady ! I have stolen an hour
From holy prayer, for which may I be pardon'd,
To weigh the merits of a mother's virtue
Against the errors of an impious son ;
To put in counterpoise the deep disgrace,
The insult offer'd to our brotherhood,
With the atonement you would make to Heav'n.

INEZ. And you are merciful !

SUP. Lady, there is nought
Which Heav'n detests so much as sacrilege ;
'T is the most damn'd of all the damning sins.
The fire of hell can purge away all crimes,
Howe'er atrocious, save this deed of death,
To life eternal, if not here atoned for
By a surrender of all earthly goods.

INEZ. All, father !

SUP. All !

INEZ. Father, this cannot be.

Surely there is
In our extensive wealth enough for both —
To satisfy the holy church, yet leave
Withal to grace his rank and dignity.

SUP. He that hath mock'd high Heav'n with sacri-
lege
Should live for nought except to make his peace.
Your son must straight renew his broken vows,
With tears and penance must wash out his sin —
His life, however long, too short to plead

For mercy and forgiveness, and his wealth,
However great, too small to make atonement.

INEZ. Father, this cannot be.

SUP. It shall be so.

INEZ. Then I'll appeal elsewhere. I'll to the
king,

And tell him this sad story. The Guzmans
Have too well served him, not to gain his help
In this their need. If we must pay a price,
The bargain shall be made with Rome herself,
Who will be less exacting.

SUP. (*aside*). I must not grasp too much, or I lose all.

(*Aloud*) Lady, I know your thoughts, and do not
blame you.

You are divided, as frail mortals are
In this imperfect state, 'twixt heaven and earth,
Your holy wishes check'd by love maternal ;
Now would I know the course that you would steer
Between the two. We can arrange this point.
The church is generous, and she oft resigns

That she might claim in justice, Tell me, lady,
What do you proffer?

INEZ. There is a fair domain of great extent
Water'd by the Guadalquiver's wave,
Whose blushing harvests each returning autumn
Yield the best vintage in our favour'd land.
Six hamlets tenanted by peaceful swains,
And dark-eyed maidens, portion'd to the soil,
Foster its increase. The fairest part of Spain
Which Heav'n hath made, I render back to Heav'n.

SUP. I know the land, and will accept the gift: —
But to it must be added sums of gold
To pay for holy rites to be perform'd
For years, to purify our monastery
Which has been desecrated.

INEZ. That will I give, and freely. Now, good
father,
Remember, in exchange for these you promise
To pardon all, and to obtain from Rome
A dispensation to my truant child.

SUP. I do!

INEZ. Father, I'll send him to you. You'll
Rebuke him, but not harshly, for his soul
Is with his new found prospects all on fire.

[*Exit* INEZ.]

SUP. Now will our convent be the best endow'd
Of any in the land. This wild young hypocrite,
Who fears nor Heaven nor man, hath well assisted
My pious longing. More by the sins of men
Than their free gifts, our holy church doth prosper.

[*Enter* ANSELMO *in cavalier's dress.*

What do I see? One, that's in sanctity,
Who vow'd his service and his life to Heav'n,
In this attire. Heaven is most patient!

ANS. It is, good father, or this world of guilt
Had long been wither'd with the threaten'd fire.
My sins are monstrous, yet I am but one
Of many millions, erring as myself.

'Tis not for us to judge. He, who reads all
Our hearts, and knows how we've been tempted,
Alone can poise the even scale of justice.
If I'm to blame, good father, are not you?

SUP. How?

Ans. I had it from my mother, she reveal'd
To you her history, and did make known
The mark by which I might be recognised —
That mark, so oft the theme of idle wonder
In the convent. Before I took my vows
You therefore must have known my station,
The rank I held by birthright, and the name
Which I inherited. Why did you press me then
To take those vows? It was a rank injustice.

SUP. (*aside*). He argues boldly. (*Aloud*) 'Twere
as well to say,
It were unjust to help you unto heav'n —
I put you in the right path.

Ans. One too slippery. Father, I've stumbled.

SUP. You have. But that your fond and virtuous
mother
Stretch'd forth her hand to save you, it had been
To your perdition.

Ans. I am so full of gratitude to Heaven,
I cannot cavil at the deeds of men.
Yet are we blind alike. You did intend
To serve me, and I thank you.

SUP. I'll serve you yet, my son. This very night
A message shall be forwarded to Rome.
Before a month is past you'll be absolved.
Till then return unto the monastery,
Resume your cowl, and bear yourself correctly.
A month will soon be o'er.

ANS. To one who is imprison'd, tis an age;
Yet is your counsel wise, and I obey you
With all humility.

SUP. 'Tis well, my son.
Your follies are unknown but to ourselves.
I shall expect you ere the night be past.

[*Exit* SUPERIOR.]

ANS. "Stretch'd forth her hand to save me!"
Well I trow,
Had it been stretch'd forth empty I had perish'd.
I've bought my freedom at no trifling price.
Most potent gold! all that the earth can offer,
Are at thy bidding. Nay, more powerful still —
Since it appears that holy men for thee
Will barter Heav'n. Still his advice is good.

Yet must I first behold my Isidora :
Whose startled innocence, like to a rose
When charged with dew and rudely shaken,
Relieves itself in sweet and sudden showers
From its oppressive load. My heavy guilt
Hath shock'd her purity — now, she rejects
The love of one who has been false to Heav'n.
She refused to see me ; but I have gain'd,
By intercession of my doating mother,
One meeting, to decide if my estate
Shall be more wretched than it was before.
If she, unheard, condemns me, mine will be
A wild career most perilous to the soul, —
That of a lion's whelp, breaking his chain
And prowling through the world in search of prey.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

ISIDORA'S *Room in the Guzman Palace.*

ISIDORA *alone on her knees at a small oratory. Rises.*

ISID. Yes, I would pray, but the o'erwhelming
thought

Of vows made light — nay, mock'd by him, the
 guide,
Th' elected star of my too trusting soul,
Stops in my breast the heavenly aspiration.
And nought I utter but th' unconscious wail
Of broken-hearted love. Love — and for whom! —
How have I waken'd from a dream of bliss
To utter misery. Fond, foolish maid,
Thus to embark my heart, my happiness,
So inconsiderate — now the barque sinks,
And, with its freight, is left to widely toss
In seas of doubt, of horror, and despair.
Oh! Isidora, is thy virgin heart
Thus mated to a wild apostate monk?
The midnight reveller, and morning priest,
At e'en the gay guitar, at noon the cowl;
The holy mummer, tonsure and the missal,
The world, our blessed Church, and Heav'n defied.
To love this man, I surely have become
That which a Guzman ought to scorn to be.
Is he not, too, a Guzman, and my cousin?

Yet must he be renounced. Here let me kneel,
Nor rise till I be freed of love and him.

(ISIDORA *kneels a short time in silence, and proceeds.*)

Anselmo — Virgin holy, will no name
But his rise from my wretched heart in pray'r?
Then let me bind myself by sacred vows:
Record it, Heav'n! — Thus do I renounce —

Enter ANSELMO.

Ans. — All sorrow, my beloved; for grief no
more

Shall worm its canker in our budding bliss.

(ANSELMO *approaches her, she rises abruptly.*)

Isid. Nay, touch me not — approach me not,
Anselmo.

Ans. (*looking earnestly at her*). Isidora!

Isid. Holy Virgin, to thee I trust for strength
In this my hour of peril. Anselmo,
That look has reft a heart too fondly thine —
But only thine, henceforth, in holy love.

Ans. And is not all love holy? that the holiest,

Which gushes from the springs of thy pure heart ;
So pure, that, laved by it, my spotted breast
Shall shortly be as snow.

ISID.

Hear me, Anselmo:

It is ordain'd we meet no more.

Ans. And canst thou say those words? (*Kneels.*)

See, on the earth

I grovelling kneel — my straining eyes seek thine :
Turn, turn to me ; say not those words again ;
Thou canst not, dearest.

ISID. (*her eyes still averted*). We must meet no more.

ANS. I'll not believe thy voice: look on me now
One steady, one unflinching glance, and then
If thou'lt repeat those words — I must believe.
(*Pause.*) Averted still! — Oh, Isidora, who,
Who pour'd such cruel thoughts into thy breast?
Was it a female fiend, or some vile priest,
Some meddling, sin-absolving, canting priest? —
It was — that start declares it. — Curse him, curse
him. (*Rises.*)

ISID. (*coming forward with dignity and fronting*
ANSELMO). Anselmo, curse him not. Thou art
that priest.

[*Anselmo covers his face with his hand.*]

My better angel hath my mind illumed—
Hath shown me thy past life. Thy heavy sins,
In black array, hath weigh'd before mine eyes ;
That silent voice, which every bosom sways,
Hath spoken deeply—bidden me abjure
Him who mock'd all. That gentle voice hath said,
That of us twain, immortal bliss alone
Can crown the union ; which to be obtain'd,
Must on this earth be won by penance strict,
Unceasing prayer, and thy resumed vows.
Is it not well, Anselmo —

Shake it away, and feel it whirling sink
To everlasting torments? — In bitter truth,
These are but nought compared to the fell pangs
Thy words have caused, which rack my tortured
breast.

ISID. Anselmo, hear me!

ANS. Hear *me* now in turn,
By the soul I've perill'd, we must *not* part!
Cast me but off, and Heav'n may do so too:
Here stand I, Isidora, with one foot
Upon Heaven's threshold, thou within the gates:
Oh! call me to thee. I am Heaven's and thine:
But, loose thy hand, and I will seek that hell
Which lies beneath. The deed be on thy head.

ISID. Oh! horrible, Anselmo — horrible!

ANS. Question me, Isidora. Where's the sin
That, in thine eyes, demands such heavy penance?

ISID. The violated vow ——

ANS. Was made long ere I
Knew its power or meaning, and was forced
By those who thrust it on me in deceit;
For well they knew it robb'd me of my birthright.

'Twas sin to make that vow ; and were it not
God's 'gerent here on earth hath power more ample
To unloose, than monks to bind—thou'rt answer'd.

ISID. Answer'd, but not content — if false to vows
More sacred far; — yet surely not more sacred, —
For what should be more sacred than the vows
Which link the happiness of two in one
Till death dissolves the union? — If false
To Heav'n, Anselmo —

Ans. Who made me false, then?

ISID. Touch not that chord—treat me not as
woman,

Easy to flattery, boastful of her charms :

You know me not, Anselmo ; but till late
I scarcely knew myself.

Talk not to me of Heaven's vicegerent:

Can man absolve from compact made with God?

ANS. Isidora, it is now my duty
T' assume the monitor, and point out to thee
How e'en the purest of us, in our frailty,
May haply slide. A maiden in her pride,

Like a disguised thief, this trusting heart?
What sophistry can'st thou put forth to show
Thou should'st retain thy base, dishonest theft?

ANS. Not words, but deeds, my Isidora,
Shall prove me worthy of the stolen treasure:
The first are due to God. This very night
With penance strict, I'll cleanse my tainted soul;
Deep in contrition, on my knees I'll wait
My dispensation from the sovereign pontiff;
Then —

ISID. And then — dear, dear Anselmo.

ANS. And then
Shall sneering cavalier or flaunting dame
Say, when a Guzman shall a Guzman wed,
The monk parades it boldly, and the bride
Hath cull'd the cloister for her wedded lord?
No, no; they never shall, my Isidora.
Then will I clad me in the warrior's steel:
Thou shalt receive me from the crimson'd field,
A laurel'd hero, or shall mourn me slain;
I will not steal to thee from cloister'd sloth,

But at thy portal light from battle steed.
Spain hath around and that within, shall make
The monk — a hero. Dost thou not think
The plumed helm will better fit this head,
Than the dull friar's cowl? My Isidora,
Now for a space — a brief one, fare thee well !
Once more I'll meet thee, and on bended knee,
As soldier should, I'll claim from my betroth'd
Some token that shall cheer me in the fight.
I must be worthy of you.

ISID.

Thou art so. (*Embrace.*)

Anselmo, fare thee well ! may Heav'n bless thee !

[*Exit.*]

ANS. All powerful virtue, unto thy shrine
I bow. Sweet maid, whose great perfection
Hath as a glass display'd to me my crimes ;
Oh may'st thou ever keep me in the path
Where peace and happiness attend my steps !
Now must I to the monast'ry repair,
There to remain until I'm freed ;—but then,
To-night it is I meet the brave Don Felix :

I had forgotten it. Most willingly
Would I avoid this foolish rash dispute;
And yet I must not. When I was friendless,
Reckless of life, — a life not worth preserving, —
I could have pass'd whole days in mortal strife.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Part of Garden of SERAFINA'S House.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. This friar's gown, which I have borrowed from my master, has proved most valuable. I never could have reached this spot, if I had not been thus disguised. (*Opens his gown, and shows his face and clothes smeared with blood.*) Here's blood enough. Noble, for all I know. I begged it from the barber. Thank Heaven, 'tis not mine own. Sancho will never know me. I see them coming in the distance. (*Takes off the gown, and puts it behind the trees, and then lies down.*) Now for self-murder. Lopez is no more.

Enter SANCHO and NINA.

SAN. 'Tis here that we fought, and hereabouts should be the body.

NINA. (*fearfully pointing to the body*). What's that? Sancho, it is—it is my husband! (*Bursts into tears.*)

SAN. Why do you grieve? Did you not wish him dead?

NINA. Alas! we often wish what we do not really want, prompted by the anger of the moment. What, in our selfish views, seems nothing at the time, becomes most horrible in the reality. Alas, poor Lopez! (*Weeps.*)

SAN. Why, Nina, did he not basely leave you? Forgot his vow to love and cherish you? Holy Saint Petronilla! why, then, do you love and cherish him? Come, dry your eyes, Nina; he's not worth a tear. (*Kisses her hand.*)

NIN. From no one, I will grant, except from me. But there's a feeling in the heart of woman, you cannot comprehend. Even when it is breaking

from ill-treatment, it yearns towards her husband. I must go away, Sancho; I cannot bear to see him—nor you; for you did slay him.

SAN. Where are you going?

NINA. I'll meet you in the further walk.

[*Exit NINA, sobbing.*]

SAN. Here's a pretty mess! Women are never of one mind: change, and change, and change for ever. This rascal deserted her at Toledo, took all her money, and her very clothes—and yet she grieves for him. I should not wonder if she rejected me now, believing that I killed him. (*Going up to ANTONIO.*) How bloody he is! Thou filthy carcase of a filthy knave! I've a great mind to have a thrust at thee, that I may swear my sword went through thy body. Saint Petronilla bless the idea! (*Half drawing his sword.*) There's some one coming; and if I am found here, with my naked sword, near this bloody corse, I shall be apprehended for his murder.

[*Exit hastily.*]

(ANTONIO *looks up and then lies down.*)

Enter BEPPA.

BEP. I cannot find my mistress. She came with me into the garden, worked up to desperation against Don Gaspar, and earnest for his death. Alas! the tide is turned, and now, in some sequestered spot, she weeps his falsehood. I must go seek her, and steel her heart by praising Isidora. What's here? the body of a man (*going to ANTONIO*). Why! 'tis Antonio, my worthless husband; alas! and called away without repentance, full of misdeeds and roguery. Heaven pardon him! Whose deed was this? that villain Garcia's?—if so, he hath but gained the sin; for I would sooner hug an adder, than listen to his wooing. I must seek my mistress; then will I return to give him honest burial, and pay for masses for his guilty soul.

[*Exit.*

[ANTONIO *rises slowly, resumes his friar's dress, and comes forward.*]

ANT. That cowardly rascal, Sancho, had nearly brought me to life again, instead of having killed me,

as he said he had. Pitiful scoundrel, to thrust at a dead man! He'll never kill one living. Nina, I respect thee; yet must we part, for 'tis evident thou lov'st another. I'll meet them in this grove, and persuade them to marry. As for Beppa, if I am missing, 'tis clear she'll never look for me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Garden.

Enter NINA and SANCHO.

NINA. Nay, no more, Sancho. To me there's something dreadful in such a hasty fresh espousal. My husband's body yet uninterred, still would you have me enter into fresh bonds.

SAN. He was no husband to you, Nina, but a worthless wretch, who deceived you. Remember, it is for years that I have loved you. Saint Petronilla be my witness.

NINA. I know it, Sancho, and wish I had never married Lopez. Why did you leave me?

SAN. I could but leave you, when I followed my master: but remember, when we parted, I offered you my troth. You have been unjust to me, and owe some reparation; by Saint Petronilla, you do!

NINA. And in good time I'll make it, Sancho.

SAN. The present is good time; now we are together, and my master is no more. Come, Nina, keep your promise, and the Saint will reward you.

NINA. Nay, Sancho, do not thus persuademe. Were I to yield to your wish, you would hate me after we were married.

SAN. Never; by this kiss (*kisses her*), I swear. I have you now, and will not part with you.

[NINA *throws herself into his arms.*]

Enter ANTONIO in Friar's gown and hood.

ANT. (*in a feigned voice*). Good hugging people, are you man and wife.

SAN. We are not yet, but soon we hope to be.

ANT. The sooner it were better, for this dalliance
In the ev'ning, in a sequester'd grove,

Is most unseemly, if not dangerous.

Woman, lovest thou this man? —

NINA. I do, most holy father.

ANT. And I must tell thee, maiden, it were better
That you delay no longer. I have witness'd
Your stolen embraces; and, by Holy Church!
I think it right that you be married straight,
Ere vice usurps the throne that should be held
By virtue only. Children, not far from hence
There is a chapel, where attending priests
Chant holy masses for a soul's repose.
There may you join your hands, and there receive
The nuptial benediction.

SAN. Nina, you must obey this holy friar, and
make me happy; Saint Petronilla sent him.

NINA. It is against my wish that I consent; yet,
Father, you know best, although you know not all.

ANT. (*aside*). Indeed I do! (*Aloud*) Come with
me, my children,
I'll point you out the path, to where you may,
By holy rites pronounced, become one flesh.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SERAFINA and BEPPA.

SERA. My distracted mind, like some wild spend-thrift,

Has drawn upon my heart till it is bankrupt.

God, how my soul is weary ! I fear the sword

Of that Don Felix may prevail against him.

He is a man well knit in sinewy strength ;

Gaspar a boy. O spare him, gracious Heaven !

BEP. To wed with Isidora, and with gibes
Mock at the tears of Donna Serafina !

Madam, you've not the lofty soul of woman,

Or you would act, and not thus vainly talk.

He's lost to you for ever ! I've discover'd,

That since this noon he hath not left her house,

And all's in preparation for their union.

SERA. Have they been left together ? Then, perchance,

She hath been foolish too, and much too fond.

Then will he quit her soon. Truant Gaspar,

These arms shall win thee back !

BEP.

Oh, no !

She is too wise, too prudent, and too good.
Such charms of mind and body she possesses,
That all do worship her; but not as one
Of us mere mortals. He dare not think of it.
She is too perfect. Gaspar is hers alone,
And you — are thrown aside for ever!

SERA.

Is it so?

Don Gaspar hers! Never, never! by Heav'n,
If I lose him, he shall be lost to her!
If I must weep, her tears shall fall with mine!
If my heart breaks, hers shall be riven too!
If I must die, — and that I shall, I feel,
Loves she as I do, they may dig her grave.
Don Felix, may thy practised sword prove true! —
And it will save me from a deed of horror.

BEP. Now do you speak as a wrong'd woman
should.

Keep up this spirit — you will be avenged.
We must retire; for soon they will appear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Another Part of the Garden attached to the House of
Donna SERAFINA.*

Enter ANSELMO.

I would that it were o'er ! A heavy gloom
Hangs on my spirits, like some threat'ning cloud
O'erspreading the wide firmament, without
One speck of blue, like hope, to cheer th' horizon.
Yet, from what cause it springs, I cannot tell.
His sword I fear not. It is mine estate,
So promising. He that hath nought to lose,
Is spurr'd to action with the hope of gain.
He that is wealthy, and 'gainst fortune plays,
Is like the gambler, who will risk his means
With those who nothing have.

Enter FELIX.

FELIX. If you have waited for me long, Don
Gaspar,

It was against my will. I'm most impatient
To bring this meeting to a speedy issue.

ANS. At your request, Don Felix, I am here;
And if you please there should be strife between us,
You'll find me not unnerved. To be sincere,—
I do not wish this needless controversy.
Recall your words, offensive, as untrue,
And take my proffer'd hand. Then will I prove,
And not till then, how greatly you have wrong'd me.

FELIX. That which is said, is said. I'll not retract.
But were it false, which I cannot believe,
You've slain my bosom friend, the brave Don Perez.

ANS. He wrong'd me much. Upon my soul he did.
I must not prove it now.

FELIX. Then prove yourself, and draw.
For see, the sun is down, and daylight flies;
We have no time for parley. (*Draws.*)

[BEPPA and SERAFINA *pass behind from R. to L.*

ANS. (*drawing*). Then, whether you or I, Don
Felix, live
To hail that glorious orb, must now be tried.

Don Felix, to your guard. Whate'er the issue,
You will repent this most ungovern'd haste.

[*They fight. Don FELIX is disarmed and
he falls. ANSELMO stands over him with
his sword pointed to his breast.*]

ANS. You question'd if I'd manhood in my frame;
Allow, Don Felix, that the question's answer'd.
You call'd me an impostor, — name for those
Who clothe themselves in borrow'd plumes, t'appear
Greater, not less, than what they are. Then know,
He you upbraided as of no parentage,
Whose sword, impatient, waits its master's bidding,
T'avenge the affront, is heir to Guzman's house,
To which, in ancestry, thine own is nothing.
This truth, Don Felix, I could not reveal,

[*SERAFINA and BEPPA appear behind in the wood.*]
Till we had measured swords. Honour forbade it.
Now manifest, I give you life, and proffer,
If that you please, my hand in amity.

[*FELIX rising, ANSELMO presents him his sword.*]

FEL. Your actions prove that you are truly noble.
I do regret the language which I used,

And cheerfully retract what proves so false.

Don Gaspar, are you satisfied? (*offering hand*).

ANS. (*taking DON FELIX's hand*). And happy.

Now, Isidora, thou art surely mine;

Vistas of bliss are opening to my view;

My heart expands with gratitude to Heav'n,

And tears would flow of penitence and joy,

That one so little worthy, thus is bless'd.

O, may my life be long, that I may prove

To gracious Heav'n, I'm worthy Isidora.

Joy! joy! with lightning's speed, I fly ——

[SERAFINA, *who has advanced, stabs ANSELMO in the back.*]

SER. To death! (*Then wishing to rush to him, she holds out her arms and exclaims*) Gaspar! Gaspar!

[SERAFINA *is borne off fainting by BEPPA and GARCIA, who have entered. ANSELMO leans against DON FELIX, who supports him, and then gradually sinks out of his arms to the ground.*]

ANS. I felt the blow would come. From whom, or where,

Was hid in the obscure. 'Twas Serafina !

I knew the voice, the knell —

FELIX. Where are you hurt ?

ANS. Don Felix, by that friendship we have pledged
So newly, one kind office I request.

FELIX. Curs'd be the infuriate jealous wretch,
That one so noble should so basely fall !

ANS. Nay, curse her not, she is too curs'd already.
Her future life will be a constant shower
Of curses on herself. I do forgive her.
And yet to die so young, and late so happy.
More painful still to part from Isidora.
Would she were here, that I might comfort her !
My mother, too ! O God ! 'twill break her heart !

Enter SUPERIOR, INEZ, ISIDORA, NINA, and SANCHE.

*INEZ and ISIDORA run to ANSELMO and kneel down
by him.*

INEZ. (to FELIX). Wretch ! that hath done this
bloody, hateful deed,
Receive a frantic mother's bitter curse !

ANS. You are deceived, my mother; 'twas not he
Who dealt the fatal blow. It was a woman.

INEZ. A woman! say you;
Who was this treach'rous woman? Let me know her,
That I may work on her a woman's vengeance.

ISID. I ne'er have learn'd to curse—I wish I had:
I can but weep. Look, mother, at his blood!
Oh, staunch it, or he'll bleed to death.

INEZ. Are you much hurt, Anselmo?

ANS. Mother, to death.
'Tis useless to deceive you. You scarcely found me
But I am lost again: 'twill soon be over.
(*Faintly*) E'en now the blood's collecting in my heart
For its last rally;—Isidora, I would tell thee
What pain it is to part, but my strength fails,
And my parch'd tongue cannot perform its duty.

ISID. To part, Anselmo? Dost thou say to part?
No, no; thou shalt not die,—we must not part.
What false, already! How could'st thou utter
That which, to me, must be the knell of death?

(*Bursts into tears and embraces him.*)

Ans. Would that your gentle power o'er me was
the same

In death, as life: then should I live for ever.

But — mother — fare you well — farewell — my Isidora.

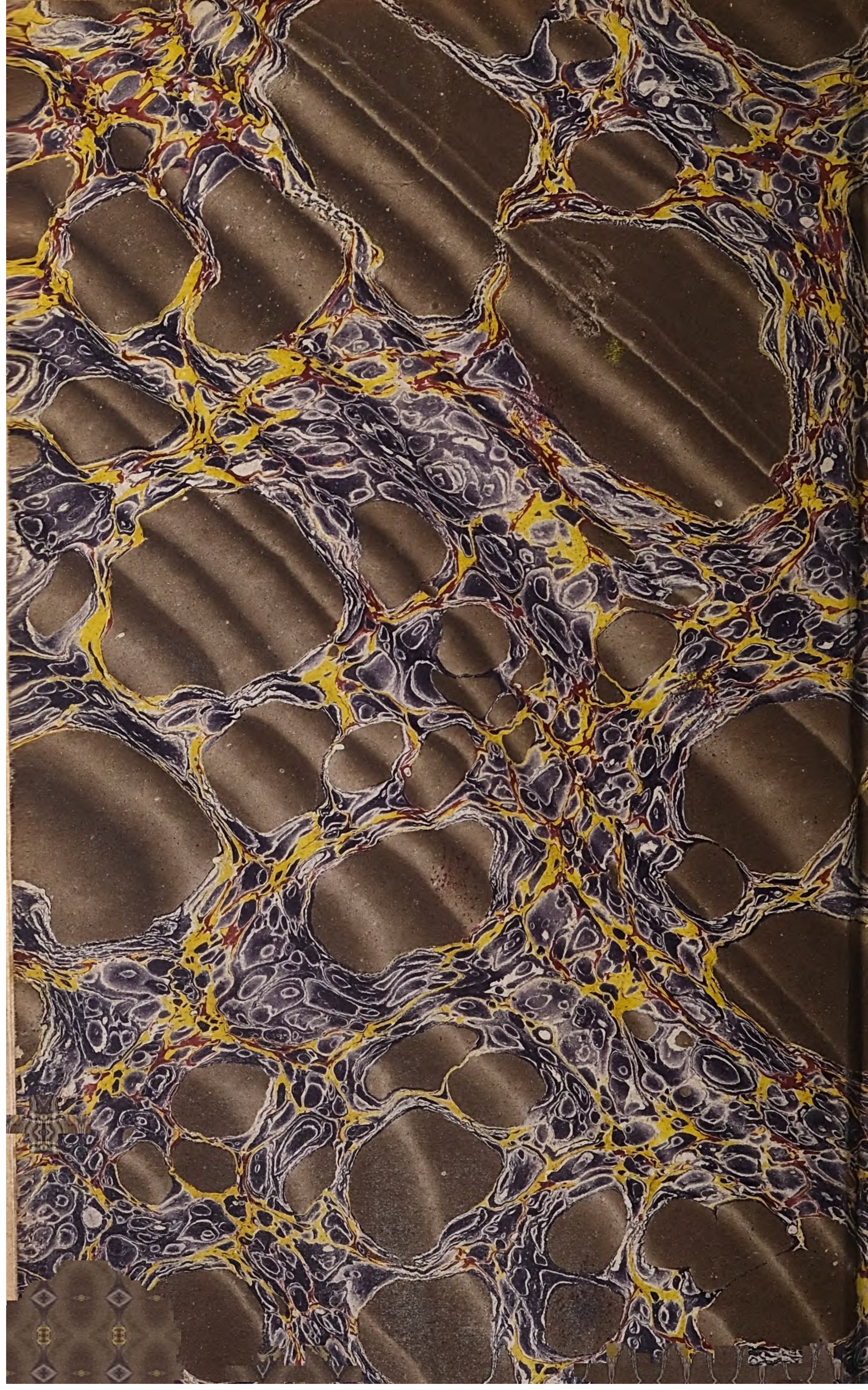
[*Groans, and falls dead. DONNA INEZ faints, and is supported by DON FELIX and NINA. ISIDORA, whose face was hidden in ANSELMO's breast, lifts up her head and looks wildly at the body.*

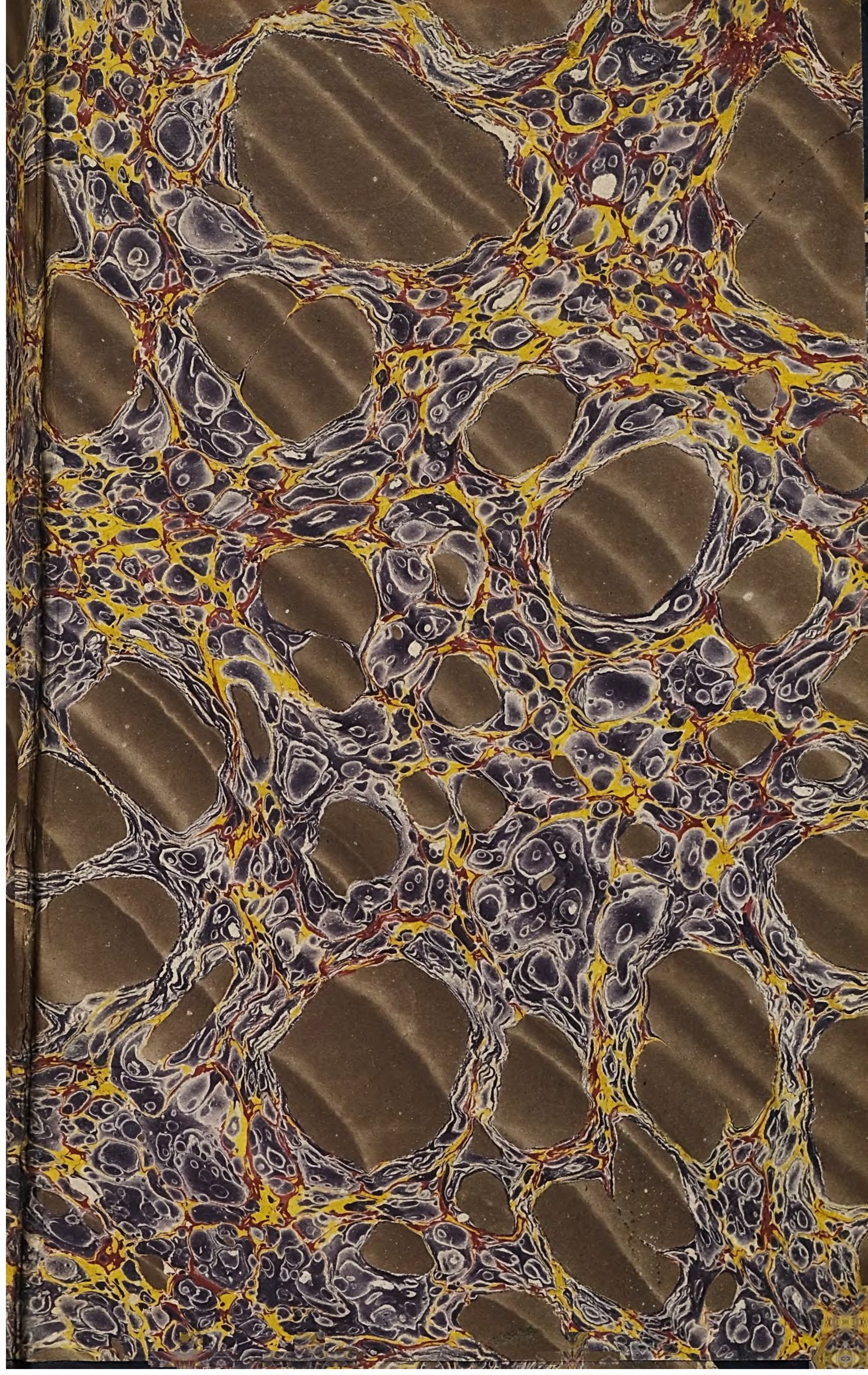
ISID. Anselmo! (*More loudly*) Anselmo! (*Shrieks. Throws herself on the body. The rest of the characters group round the body, and the curtain falls.*)

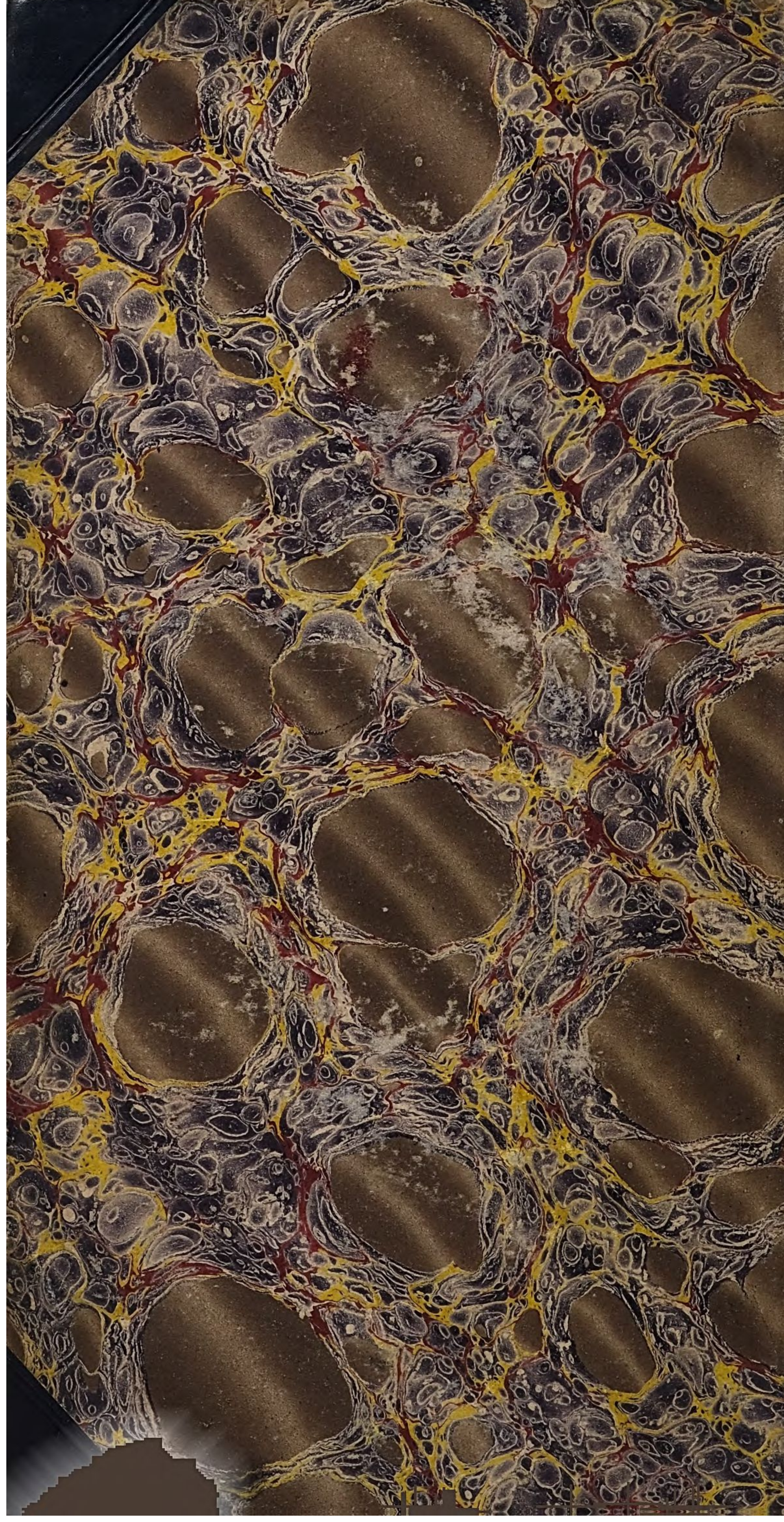
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